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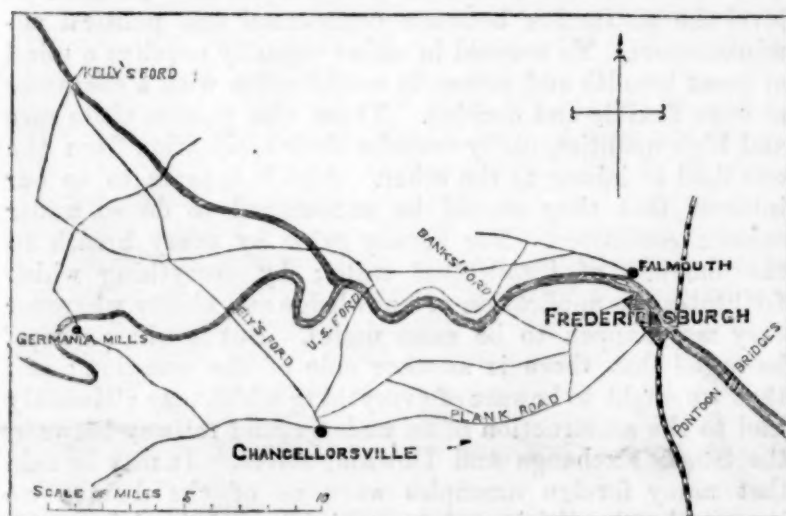
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THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.



THOUGH the narratives in the New York papers of the three days' battle which took place on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May, near Fredericksburg, are portentously long and even tedious, it cannot be said that any one of them gives a very distinct or intelligible account of the operations described. So far, however, as may be gathered from a comparison of the various accounts and from studying the maps of the district, the truth of the case seems to be as follows.

On Sunday, the 26th of April, General Hooker was still at Falmouth at the head of the Federal army of the Potomac. That army was made up of seven corps, each corps consisting of three divisions, and according to one account, at least, each division numbered 6,000 men. It should seem, therefore, that Hooker's army contained about 126,000 infantry. On the heights opposite Falmouth and above the town of Fredericksburg lay the Confederate General Robert Lee. What the number of his army was it is impossible to say; but there can be little doubt that his communications with Richmond by the railway running South were so complete that he was in position to bring up his reinforcements within a few hours.

General Hooker had determined to fight an action with the Confederates, in the hope that if he could manage to defeat them he might open the way to Richmond. Let us now see the plan by which he proposed to effect this object, and the manner in which that plan was executed. To assail Lee's position in front was obviously out of the question. To have done so would have been to repeat the tactics of General Burnside, against which Hooker himself remonstrated, under circumstances even more unfavourable to the assailing party. His only plan, therefore, was to attempt to turn the flank of General Lee, and by threatening that officer's communications with

Richmond, to compel him to descend from his strong position, and to deliver battle in the plain beneath. For this purpose Hooker, on Monday, the 27th of April, marched from Falmouth, up the Rappahannock, with three corps; and next morning he arrived at Kelly's Ford on that river, having accomplished a distance of twenty-five miles. On Tuesday night, the 28th, and Wednesday morning, the 29th, the Rappahannock was crossed by several fords, and the three corps, with their faces southward, made for Germania Mills and Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan River. On Thursday, the 30th of April, these three corps were across the Rapidan, and on the same evening they were massed at Chancellorsville, which is nothing but a lonely house standing at cross roads, ten miles west of Fredericksburg. But they were not alone. Three other corps of the Federal army had joined Hooker. After making a feint of crossing the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, these three corps marched up that river, and then, seizing Banks Ford, which is about six miles west of that town, and the United States Ford, which is close by the fork formed by the Rappahannock, coming from the north-west, and the Rapidan, coming from the west, they took post to the left of the other three and in advance of Chancellorsville. On Friday, the 1st of May, therefore, Hooker's line was drawn up at right angles, or, perhaps, obliquely to the plank road (as it is called); so that his men looked towards the south-east, and thus stood prepared to receive Lee's attack. Hooker, moreover, had already on the previous Wednesday, as soon as his troops were across the Rappahannock, despatched General Stoneman, with his corps of cavalry, to destroy the bridges on the railway which connects Richmond with Fredericksburg. But in this enterprise it is tolerably clear that the Federals were unsuccessful.

Let us now turn to General Lee. As soon as that officer found that the main body of the Federal army was beyond Chancellorsville, and that his communications were in danger, he came down from the heights above Fredericksburg, and drew up his army on the edge of some wooded ground opposite the Federals. His right was towards the town of Fredericksburg, his left overlapped the Federal right, which was composed of three divisions of German troops. So far it must be admitted that Hooker had been successful. "If you are a great general," said a famous Roman, "come down and fight." "If you are a great general," retorted his adversary, "make me come down and fight." Hooker had certainly compelled Lee to come down and fight him on his own ground, and had so far accomplished his purpose. On Saturday, the 2nd of May, the battle began. The celebrated Stonewall Jackson fell with forty thousand men upon Hooker's right flank. The German corps, which occupied that part of the field, fled in con-

fusion; and had it not been for the advance of General Berry's division Hooker's communications with the river would have been completely cut off, and his whole army would have been lost. Even as it was, the Federals lost twelve guns, the advancing centre was compelled to fall back, and, indeed, it became absolutely necessary to make a night attack in order to restore the line of battle. But on Saturday night the Federal line, instead of facing east towards Fredericksburg, faced south, and was, in fact, parallel to the road passing through Chancellorsville, though still in advance of that place. Nor was the battle yet over. On Sunday morning, the 3rd, it was renewed at an early hour. It is impossible to make out the details. Probably General Lee used his utmost efforts to break Hooker's centre and to obtain possession of the fords in his rear. Although unsuccessful in this the Confederate General compelled his adversary to fall back behind Chancellorsville, which until that time had been the Federal head-quarters, and night closed with the Federal line of battle covering the United States Ford and probably Ely's Ford—Hooker's right flank being protected by the Rapidan and his left by the Rappahannock. There, according to the latest accounts which come down to Tuesday, the 5th of May, Hooker remained, and in order to protect himself he was busily engaged throwing up intrenchments. According to the same account General Lee occupied "a slope facing the Federal main position," and he had drawn up his army in "a formidable double line of battle."

But there was another part of the field where important events had been passing. It will be remembered that a corps had been left with General Sedgwick some two or three miles below Falmouth. After Lee had withdrawn the greater part of his army to meet Hooker, Sedgwick appears to have crossed the river. On Sunday morning he stormed the heights above Fredericksburg which were practically abandoned, and marching north-westward about four miles and a half attempted to join Hooker at Chancellorsville. But this was all Sedgwick was able to accomplish. On Monday, the 4th, whilst Lee lay in front of Hooker he dispatched Longstreet, who is said to have come up from Suffolk beyond Richmond, to attack Sedgwick's corps, and to drive it if possible over the river. Advancing on that Monday from the heights eastward of Fredericksburg, Longstreet gradually drove the Federals towards Banks Ford, and after some hard fighting compelled Sedgwick to cross the Rappahannock under the fire of the Confederate guns which swept the bridge of boats and crushed the retiring columns. It is said that after Sedgwick crossed he marched up the river towards United States Ford to join Hooker. Thus closed Monday night. Let us sum up the result.

General Hooker occupies the end of the arc which is formed by the Rapidan and the Rappahannock; but his line is some distance to the rear of Chancellorsville. His flanks are thus protected, but he has a river in his rear, so that his line of retreat can hardly be said to be absolutely secure. He is twelve miles from his immediate base of operations at Falmouth, and between eighty and ninety miles from his real base, Washington. On the other hand, the Confederates' army is closely watching the Federals. Their right flank is so near the Federal left that their batteries are scarcely two miles below the United States Ford, and command the road which runs along the opposite side of the Rappahannock. Unless the Federals can assume the offensive, the Confederates are in no danger. But if the Confederates are strong enough to detach some 20,000 men across the Rappahannock, they may very seriously embarrass the Federals. They may plunder the stores at Falmouth—break up the railway way which runs north of Falmouth, and is Hooker's means of communicating with Washington—and in fact compel that officer to retreat across the Rappahannock at any loss or to capitulate. Whether Lee will venture to do this depends upon the strength of his army. In the meantime, it is difficult to believe that Hooker would have remained where he is unless he had felt himself strong enough not only to protect his base of operations and his line of communication, but to assume the offensive should Lee attempt to detach any considerable number of men for a raid north of the Rappahannock. These, however, are questions which must remain in doubt until the arrival of the next mail, which is daily expected.

MR. LAING'S CHOICE.

THE list of the directors of the General Credit and Finance Company is headed by the name of Mr. Laing, "late Finance Minister of India." A few years ago such an announcement would have created no small surprise. It would have seemed contrary to the natural order of things that a rising statesman should turn aside from a public career in order to preside over a commercial enterprise. But ministers and merchants no longer move apart in separate spheres. Both in England and on the Continent we have seen more than one instance of the same man taking a leading part, alternately in the councils of a country and a company. This is a natural consequence of the attention which material interests have lately won from all who are concerned in the business of government. Statesmen who recognise the importance of joint-stock companies and combined industrial operations, quite consistently engage in their active promotion and direct management. Capitalists who feel the power they possess, are not less willing to claim an ostensible share in the conduct of national affairs. Nor is it merely that the points of contact between the two classes are constantly increasing in number. The extensive scale on which companies are now organized, the vast resources which they command and employ, the large and complicated interests they involve, the wide-spread influence they exert, and the varied dangers they incur—all tend to level the distinction between commercial and political administrators. To succeed in either capacity requires a mind of great breadth and power, in combination with a character at once flexible and decided. Those who possess these rare and high qualities, easily transfer their application from the one field of labour to the other. And it appears to be our interest, that they should be encouraged to do so, under certain conditions. For society gains by every breach in the barriers of intellectual caste; by everything which facilitates the application of knowledge and ability wherever they may happen to be most useful. But it will, perhaps, be urged that there is another side of the question; and that we ought to beware of everything which may ultimately lead to the construction of an underground railway between the Stock Exchange and Downing-street. It may be said that many foreign examples warn us of the danger we incur when politicians become interested in joint-stock companies, and financial magnates acquire a weighty influence in politics; and no doubt what is passing in France may well render us suspicious of anything which tends to relax the high tone of public morality which has hitherto characterised the members of our Parliament and Government. We see there how a band of unscrupulous adventurers holding high office, in combination with another equally unscrupulous band wielding monetary power, have poisoned the stream of honest and legitimate enterprise, converted the Bourse into a gambling saloon, divided valuable concessions amongst themselves and their confederates, supported or defeated rival schemes for systematically rigging the market, used State secrets for private profit, and twisted the public policy to personal ends. The finger of common shame is pointed at more than one colossal fortune thus raised by ministers and high functionaries of the empire; nor is it wonderful that under these circumstances Frenchmen speak habitually of the political virtue of their public men in terms of cynical contempt. Spain—the country of scandals—has had more than her share on this score; while the disgraceful disclosures which caused the downfall of Baron Bruck, showed that at least one Austrian statesman was unable to resist the temptations presented by a position in the Government, and an old connection with the world of speculation. The conduct of these men stands in remarkable contrast to that of Count Cavour. When he first accepted office, he possessed a considerable number of shares in various public companies. He immediately sold them off, at a loss of some £10,000 or £12,000; nor during the remainder of his life did he become concerned in any undertaking whose interests could possibly clash with his duties as a Minister.

We do not apprehend that there is danger of our witnessing in England anything like those gross breaches of honour and duty to which we have just referred. At the same time, the fact that such things have happened in other countries renders the public mind very sensitive to the slightest appearance of wrong, and makes it desirable that the position of all men who aspire to take part in the administration of the country should be very clearly defined.

Private members of Parliament may dabble as much as they like in speculation, although they justly risk influence and consideration by a mixture of politics with business. Still, if Mr. Roebuck, for instance, is indifferent to remarks suggested by the coincidence of his visits to Vienna, and his adoption of Austrian opinions in regard to Venice, Hungary, and Poland, it is a matter of little or no importance to any one else. But a stricter rule must prevail with respect to members of the Government. It is always understood that when a man accepts office he terminates all connection with commercial undertakings; and we have no reason to believe that the pledge is ever violated. The slightest suspicion to the contrary would, if not removed, be fatal to his character, and involve the loss of his place. But it is clear that the object of this renunciation would be very imperfectly answered if it were not final, but merely temporary. We have even experienced some inconvenience from a Minister's liability to be taunted or arraigned, while in office, for things done in connection with a company which he has quitted. During the present session, for instance, Mr. Maguire—with the fine taste which characterizes him—threw it in Mr. Layard's teeth that he had done or omitted to do something in regard to Turkey, in consequence of having been formerly chairman of the Ottoman Bank. And it was certainly a very close approach to a public scandal, that Mr. Laing, while Finance Minister of India, was obliged to vindicate himself from charges connected with his management of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. That he did so very completely, we quite admit; but it was by no means pleasant that he should have to do it at all. At that time it was natural to expect that Mr. Laing would devote himself henceforth to public life, and that when he had once cleared off the arrear of controversies with his old friends, he would eschew similar entanglements for the future. But it would never do to have a Minister who oscillates between commercial and public life; and fills up his time, when out of office, in forming connections which embarrass him when he is again called upon to serve his Sovereign. Such a man could hardly escape suspicion. He would be ever liable to the imputation that he conducted the affairs of the country as one who might hereafter be the chairman of a joint-stock company; and conducted the affairs of a company as one who might hereafter be a minister. It would be said, that retirement from private business affords no guarantee for public independence if there is any hankering after the ancient fleshpots. Nor is it unreasonable that a man should be required to choose once for all between the pursuit of gain and that of public distinction. Mr. Laing has already wavered between them more than once. Originally an official of the Board of Trade and a member of the Railway Board, under Lord Dalhousie, he left this post, first to practise at the Parliamentary bar, and afterwards to preside over the Brighton Railway and Crystal Palace Companies. He quitted these to become Financial Secretary to the Treasury and Finance Minister of India. And he now turns up again in the City, at the head of an association, whose business it "will be to negotiate loans and concessions; assist in industrial enterprises, public works, and railway undertakings; negotiate foreign, *Indian*, and colonial bonds." There are but few ways in which an English statesman is brought officially in contact with combinations of capitalists. At home we leave the latter to themselves; but in India and the Colonies we give or withhold the guarantee of railways and canals, and thus make or mar their success. It is probable that the English *Crédit Mobilier* will find a considerable field for its activity in those parts of our dominions whose resources are at present least developed. We are willing to believe that such operations may be attended with beneficial results; but, at the same time, they are those most likely to originate sinister rumours of an illegitimate connection between the Company and the Government. These new associations, which come to us from Paris with a bad name and an evil notoriety, will be jealously watched; and it is therefore necessary, that there should be no mistake as to any actual or possible influence which they may wield. It must never be said that any one connected with their management had power to realize as a Minister the expectations which he had raised as a speculator. We regret the loss of Mr. Laing's services in a more public capacity; but it is far better to suffer this than to incur the suspicions which might arise were he again to receive office under the Crown.

We have referred to this particular case from no feeling

of hostility to the gentleman in question—whose abilities we rate highly, and in whose honour we place entire confidence—but merely because it serves to point out the danger, which accompanies the advantage, of calling men from the paths of commerce to guide the State. We have no desire to maintain the monopoly of what are styled the "governing classes." We would willingly see their ranks recruited from the most capable men, wherever they are to be found. But we must not have a hybrid race of statesmen. We must insist that those who rule us should not only be pure, but should keep clear of all associations or connections which may cast a doubt upon their purity. We have not been accustomed to have men in office whom any one thought it necessary to watch; nor would the country take kindly to so unpleasant an occupation. Englishmen have a gentlemanly dislike to be always poking into holes and corners, or following the public servants about in order to see that they have hidden away no "perquisites," and levied no tax upon the national bills. A sense that the old system had at least given us men whom we could so far implicitly trust, sustained our aristocratic administrators under the storm of indignation which burst over their heads at the time of the Crimean war. The celebrated Administrative Reform Association clamorously demanded that the secretaries of state should be replaced by railway managers or contractors. But if the country was for a moment caught by the novelty of the idea, it has since seen little reason to follow it up. Subsequent experience has convinced us that it is quite possible to overrate the capacity of the greatest and most successful organisers of industry and capital. Upon the whole, public companies have broken down quite as frequently and as conspicuously as Government departments. But while the latter have always saved their honour, the former have often lost nothing else. We cannot therefore see that there is much temptation to enlist in the Government, those who have not yet made up their mind to quit the counting-house. The tone of every profession depends upon its members committing themselves to it for life; and thus acquiring the strongest inducement to maintain its peculiar point of honour. Neither the Bar, Medicine, nor the Church would long be what they are, if those who profess to belong to them were in the habit of taking a turn now and then at other occupations, and could afterwards resume their position without remark or loss of consideration. Let the profession of politics and statesmanship be as open as you will—and the more open the better; but if its character is to be upheld, those who seek its prizes must yield it no faltering or intermittent allegiance.

IMPERIAL ELECTIONEERING.

AFTER a long interval of silence and disdain, the Liberals of France have become conscious of the necessity of general action; and through the dim political twilight that reigns over the Empire and the Press the shades of well-known warriors are seen descending swiftly to the battle. In the feeble popular excitement that is permitted to accompany the Imperial appeal to the country, we seem to catch a far-off echo of the stir of old electoral constituencies. Ancient armour is dug up again and donned by the veterans of other days. The ring of familiar voices strikes upon the ear—a Casimir Périer, a Montalembert, a Thiers, a Berryer are names once more on France's tongue—and we seem to have gone back fifteen years to a fresh atmosphere of political freedom and strife. The notable resolution at which the leaders of the old French Liberals have arrived not to isolate themselves any longer, but boldly to accept the Empire as a *fait accompli*, is the most important event of French politics since 1852. It tells a striking tale. For the present the French elections seem to sound the knell of those old parties of which the French Government has spoken so frequently and so bitterly. This is undoubtedly a triumph for the French Emperor. In accepting the oath of fidelity, the new candidates at least adjourn all hopes of combating the reigning dynasty, and tacitly acknowledge that the best thing France can do is to take and enjoy the liberty and the institutions that are doled out to her. The Empire will both gain strength and incur danger by the change. That the representatives of French intellect and French liberties should be brought at last to lower their *fasces* before the elected of December, and to take issue upon points of administrative

detail, is a concession, and a step. On the other hand it must be remarked that it is very probably the beginning of an era of agitation and excitement in the Imperial Legislative body. The honour of those who swear is a pledge that the Electoral oath will be kept, and that no direct attack upon the Imperial family will be made. Yet the history of France during the century shows that the most constitutional tempests in that most unconstitutional of countries have a way of shaking the dynastic edifices of years. A sea of political conflict in the Corps Législatif may roll its waves to the very foot of the throne itself; and it is impossible to predict with certainty the effect upon the French nation of the noise of free Parliamentary discussion, once more revived and reverberating through the land.

The Emperor, however, is a bold political thinker, and it has always been his dream, if possible, to rally statesmen of all parties around him. More than once he has directly appealed to such men to return to political life, and though the sudden acceptance of the offer seems to have taken aback the Emperor's immediate satellites, his Imperial Majesty is known to be satisfied at heart with the event. For more than ten years the Government of France has been in the hands of a coterie of personal friends—who are of average ability at the most—and, putting aside such names as those of Fould, Thouvenel, and Drouyn de l'Huys, we may admit, without demur, that the successive Imperial ministries have only been kept straight before the eyes of the world by the tact and temper of their Imperial master. It will be a gain to the country, and no loss to the Emperor himself, if abler discussion is brought to bear upon the taxation, the administration, and the foreign policy of France. A semblance of self-government and independence on the part of the Assembly can but lighten the Emperor's shoulders of so much anxiety. He is enabled thereby to get rid of part of his responsibility without dividing his power. The voice that gives can always take away, and the master of a hundred legions who is on the whole popular with his subjects can always lay a heavy iron hand upon a noisy or destructive Legislature. But the chiefs of the old school who this week consent to acknowledge Cæsar as the virtual master of Rome, have come to this conclusion from the wise reflection that there is no alternative but Imperialism at present possible for France. The nation has expressed its unequivocal resolve not to have another Legitimist or Orleanist epoch. A turbulent republic is the only form of government that can rise on the ruins of Napoleonism until the present generation of Bourbons and of Orleanists are extinct, and sane men know that any republic must be at best a short-lived reaction that would once more lead surely and swiftly to another period of empire and absolutism. There was then nothing to be done but what they have done, unless they were prepared to die in some obscure corner at a distance from the political stage, and without making any sign.

Nor can M. Thiers, M. Montalembert, and their friends reproach France for having heartily accepted Imperialism for the present. The Empire appeals to much that is dear to all Frenchmen. The enemies on both sides of the Channel have been in the habit of maintaining that it is the *régime* of pure materialism. No criticism could be more one-sided, or, on the whole, more unfair. The internal prosperity of the country has been certainly developed in a marvellous degree in the last ten years; and trade and commerce bear testimony to the fact that France thrives upon the system, whatever it may be worth. It is said that she only does so at the expense of all that is noble and free; and that she is bartering her birthright for a mess of pottage. That is the way in which Frenchmen, who belong to the educated and ambitious classes, read the history of the present Empire, but that is far from being the way in which the mass of the French nation would consent to read it. These latter would say that they do not care for constitutional politics, by which they mean that they do not want to see France ruled by the journalists and lawyers of the country. What makes the Liberals of Paris so sore at hearing M. Persigny call Orleanism "a *régime* of rhetoricians," is that they know the nation are half inclined to agree with M. Persigny. Are then the French people, Englishmen may ask, prepared to give up all political life? Far from it. The difference between us and them is that they attach a different meaning to the word. In one sense, indeed, France has not been enjoying political life. Her writers in the press have been gagged, her orators in Parliament have been borne down; and the French bar has fallen under the

thumb of the French army. But in the sense in which France most cares for political life, she has been enjoying it to the full. On the Continent she has risen in ten years to the very foremost place. She leads the van of general revolutionary thought wherever she can plant her flag. The whole population of Europe vibrates in sympathy with the pulse of Paris. This is a political field on which the Empire has not shown itself to be a mere system of lifeless materialism. On the contrary the French are vain enough to think that they go to war chiefly for ideas; and we are not sure that the Emperor might not rightly be ranked among that imaginative class of thinkers whom the First Napoleon was wont to dub 'idéologues.' At home, it is true, France is materialist enough to choose wealth and quiet in preference to a life of bustling domestic politics and adventure. But at least her foreign policy is the purest idealism. National pride, military vanity, democratic sentiment—these are the impulses that decide it. At the very moment we write, the vast majority of the French nation are half wild to go to war for Poland. Yet the very class in England who sneer at all enthusiasm for oppressed nationalities, tell us in the same breath that the Empire is political materialism. If it is materialism, all that can be said is, that it is the materialism of political crusaders. That a system of absolutism, which represses constitutional liberty at home, stimulates and feeds this fever of military excitement to an unhealthy extent, is very true. But the Emperor cannot be accused of a deep-laid, sinister policy in his foreign wars. So far from it, the chief complaint England has to make of him is, that he makes war as an idealist and a dreamer: for the sake of effecting speculations, Utopian changes in the world, or of extending French influence and French ideas, where they are not wanted. If, therefore, Imperialism robs France of domestic freedom, it gives France something about which the French people seem to care still more,—the satisfaction of feeling that her sway is powerful abroad, and that she is using her power for the advantage of democratic ideas. The Orleanist and Legitimist leaders may lament that France is so blind to her true interests; but in coming back to the political world, under the conditions they this week accept, they admit that they cannot contend against a *régime* that suits her so completely.

The truth is, that the enemies of the French Empire are foolish enough not to see that it is from the present state of Europe that the French Empire draws its strength. The Emperor, as a political missionary, is omnipotent, because half of Europe still may be described as lying in political darkness. It is the reign of old abuses, the oppression of chivalrous and eager nationalities, the effort on the part of European absolutism to prop up the old heavens and the old earth, and to put off the coming of the new, which makes his voice so formidable. It almost seems as if the Empire had a rôle to play and a mission to fulfil. Until Europe changes and enters generously on a path of progress and reformation, Napoleonism will have passions to which it appeals, and wrongs which it appears destined to redress. What have the Orleanists or Bourbons to offer Europe in exchange for all that they would take away? A programme of non-intervention, and perhaps of dynastic alliances. Thirty years of such a programme made a second French Empire possible and necessary in France. If the French Empire is an evil, the way to destroy its pernicious influence is to reform old Europe; otherwise, no school of gentlemen and orators or scholars, however accomplished, however eloquent, will be adequate to supply its place. Violent diseases need violent remedies, and it may be that a military absolutism in France is the price we pay for having sown the fruitful seeds of absolutism, or abuse, elsewhere at the beginning of the century. The illustrious politicians who are about to recall themselves from self-imposed exile will then, if they are wise, not enter upon a hopeless course of unqualified hostility to the present system. If they do, they will put themselves out of court so far as the French people are concerned. The reproaches of Cato will fall feebly on the ear of the soldiery of Cæsar's camp. It will be more to the purpose if they apply their splendid talents to the task of a purer and sounder administration of the finances, a more rigid morality in high places, and the removal of excessive political restrictions on the press. Let them cease to strike at the Imperial throne, and strike only at its parasites. It will require some self-control on the part of the old heroes of the French stage to content them-

selves with so secondary a part; but unless they exercise the self-control we advise, a grave injury will be done to the cause of freedom. For the present, let the partisanship of rival dynasties sink into the ground. The Emperor has proffered them a new political career upon certain conditions. Those conditions are hard and stern, but, so far as we can see, it is for the interest of France and of Europe that they should be cheerfully accepted and cheerfully observed.

CHURCH QUESTIONS.

WE took occasion a fortnight ago to remark, that Church questions of every kind are now taking up more of public attention than most of the ordinary political and social topics of the day. It was merely by an accident that while, on two successive Wednesdays, the House of Commons was occupied with Church-rate debates, the Bishop of London, at the very same hour, was holding a consultative parliament of his own, to discuss practical measures for the extension of the Church in this city. But week after week we may still observe the growing interest which has lately been aroused by many fresh signs of a vital energy within the Establishment, promising after all to overcome its internal dissensions, to repair the defects of its organization, and to enlarge its agency, so that it may fully answer the wants of our people, and may keep pace with the rapid movements of this age. It will be, from time to time, our most gratifying duty as journalists to take note of these symptoms of a lively concern, now felt by all classes of society, in the actual working of our national religious institutions, and in every plan for their better adaptation to the needs of the country. We are convinced that the welfare of the Church may be advanced by bringing to bear upon these questions the plain, practical common-sense, the business-like habits of mind, and the worldly experience of laymen; by inviting on all hands the counsel, as well as the personal effort and pecuniary gifts, of intelligent and earnest members of that body, which does not consist of the clergy alone, but of the whole "congregation of Christian men." The clerical mind is not to be trusted by itself to deliberate either upon matters of ecclesiastical economy and discipline, or upon the best mode of conciliating, on behalf of Christian faith, the free-thinking or the loose-thinking portion of the community. Without the aid of an enlightened public opinion, which must be formed by the study of these subjects from a general, not a professional point of view, it does not lie in the wisdom of the two Houses of Convocation to devise how the Church of England may be preserved or restored to perfect unity with herself, and enabled to perform her appointed functions, as the moral and spiritual director of the people. For this reason we are pleased whenever, by the recurrence of Church questions in the Legislature, or by the manifestation of popular curiosity upon incidents of theological controversy, or upon any judicial proceedings which turn upon the rules and order of the Establishment, the Press is called upon to discuss the state of that provision which the wisdom of our ancestors has made for the official recognition and teaching of Christianity in this land. The false reserve upon these subjects, which has been maintained by some of our contemporaries, will sooner or later give way to a sense of their urgent importance as affecting the social prosperity of our country, even without reference to the higher considerations which they involve.

It is especially interesting, we think, to notice the tone and spirit in which they are debated by our House of Commons, as indicating the feelings of laymen in the most influential class of English society, with regard to the value and usefulness of the Church as a guardian of the most sacred interests of the community. The law, however, by which ordained clergymen, though some of them who are not much burthened with a parochial cure may fitly take their place, as landed proprietors and country gentlemen, upon the Bench of Justice or the Board of Guardians, are yet made ineligible for a seat in Parliament, seems one of very doubtful expediency. Its effect is to deprive the Legislature of any representatives of that lower order of the ministers of the Church, who should be intimately acquainted with the popular sentiments and requirements; while in the Upper House, a compact phalanx of spiritual Peers, jealous for the privileges of that rank to which they have been admitted, are rather apt to display the Church in an

exclusive and forbidding attitude of jealous Conservatism, than as the genial exponent of that spirit of evangelical zeal and charity which condescends to become all things to all men. We may look for the revival of this important constitutional question, among the items of a future Reform Bill. In the meantime, it is sufficient to observe, that both the House of Lords and the House of Commons were again on Tuesday evening busy with the consideration of Church questions. In the one case, it was Lord Ebury's proposal to abolish that clause of the Act of Uniformity, which obliges the clergy to subscribe their assent to everything in the Articles and the Prayer-Book. In the other, it was Mr. Dillwyn's motion for a Select Committee, with a view to abolishing or reducing the Protestant Establishment in Ireland. It happened, once more, that on the same day when Parliament was thus fully employed in deliberating upon the interests of the Church of Great Britain and Ireland, the two Houses of Convocation were entering upon several questions of no less moment, concerning the doctrine and discipline of that Church. The Derby Day, which immediately followed, has not so totally eclipsed the more serious business of the week as to make it inappropriate that our attention should be turned to those discussions. We propose, however, to examine each subject carefully, in a separate article, with its bearings on the present situation of the Establishment; and we shall be content, for this time, with a very slight indication of the stage at which these controversies have now arrived.

The propriety, at this epoch, of a further retrenchment of the temporalities of that which is often though very inaccurately styled the Irish Church, may, as a question simply of political equity and prudence, be set apart entirely from those which relate to the administration of the whole Protestant Episcopal Church in these islands. The not improbable adoption of Mr. Seymour's amendment, for a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of parochial benefices in Ireland, the amount of their incomes, their territorial extent and population, with particular reference to the number of Protestant souls, will perhaps give us occasion, hereafter, for reviewing the historical precedents, as well as the existing circumstances, of that branch of the United Church. While, indeed, it is far from our intention to defend the maintenance, out of the public revenues, of an establishment grossly out of proportion to the wants of the people for whose benefit it is designed, we should never consent to the extinction or degradation of the Protestant Church in Ireland, where it stands as a perpetual witness of that creed of the primitive ages, to which, it may be hoped, a majority of the Roman Catholics will some day return. We are the more bound, however, to see to it, that there be no offensive tokens of the Church of a dominant race, and no scandalous contrast between the wealth it absorbs from the country and the services it performs. If the Legislature shall be disposed once more to revive this question, there are more ways than one of redressing such anomalies, wherever they may be proved to exist. Let them be candidly discussed, in a spirit of mutual courtesy, and with a desire for peace.

The case, however, is very different with Lord Ebury's Bill for amending the Act of Uniformity, which cannot be viewed without some implied reference to those notorious defections from the standard of orthodoxy which have lately caused so much distress to the friends of the Church. It was impossible that either of the Bishops, who had just stepped across from their House of Convocation to the House of Parliament, should, while discussing the retention of some legal securities for soundness of belief among the clergy, forget the existence of Dr. Colenso or the reputed heresies of the reverend authors of "Essays and Reviews," which were brought under their synodical judgment. They did indeed refrain, and very properly, from any allusion to the doctrinal offences by which the Establishment has been considerably scandalised in the last few months, or in the last few years. But one or two of the lay members of their Lordships' house had no scruple in referring to these instances, which Lord Ebury regarded as proving the inefficacy of subscription for a guarantee of correctness of opinion; while Lord Lyttelton expressed his alarm, on the contrary, lest the clergy should be allowed too much liberty of opinion, if the legal prosecutions against heretical ministers were to fail. We presume that the Bishop of London, who spoke in favour of relaxing the terms of subscription, would rely more upon the judicial censure of those clergymen who may

afterwards be convicted of publishing heresies; and this conjecture is borne out by the fact that he declined to join in the resolution of the Upper House of Convocation upon Dr. Colenso's book, expressly because, as a member of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, or as an assistant in the jurisdiction of his Metropolitan, he might be called to sit in judgment upon Dr. Colenso himself. Not so with the Bishop of St. David's, who is likewise a supporter of Lord Ebury's motion, but who opposed the synodical condemnation of Dr. Colenso's book upon very different grounds, namely, that the book had not been examined by the Bishops for themselves, and that they ought not to rely upon a mere report from the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, who had extracted certain propositions out of the book, which were, he admitted, dangerous enough. We must forbear, however, to analyse further the views respectively taken by their lordships upon either of these occasions, or to comment upon the diversities of opinion among the members of the Episcopal Bench, with respect to the best means of preventing the introduction of doctrinal unsoundness, or of purging it when discovered.

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.

THE project of uniting the Mediterranean and Red Sea by means of a canal, crossing the Isthmus of Suez, is one of the most interesting and curious schemes, as it is one of the oldest ever brought before the world. It dates from pre-historic periods, and may have been considered an exploded fallacy before Pharaoh set Joseph over all Egypt. Somehow or other we link it in our minds with the attempt to build the Tower of Babel, "whose top may reach unto Heaven." Not that we can pretend to say it is a physical impossibility, after the triumphs of engineering skill that we have witnessed during the present century. Still we know that it is an idea which has been entertained by some of the most powerful rulers of men, and abandoned by them as impracticable with the greatest reluctance and regret. The first Napoleon favoured the project from an ambitious desire to achieve a work that had baffled the science and resources of antiquity, and with a view to divert the trade of the far East through the countries of southern Europe; but more particularly to benefit Marseilles, and also to destroy the chief branch of English commerce. He imagined that if he could possess, and could debar us from, the shortest and most direct route to the East, he would be able to conquer our Indian Empire, and to break our power. Strangely enough he was induced to desist from making the attempt by a stupid scientific blunder, namely, the representation that the level of the Red Sea was so much higher than that of the Mediterranean, that if the canal were made the water would rush through it and overflow the low lands of all the countries bordering the Mediterranean. Although Napoleon delighted in spreading the fires of war over Europe, he recoiled from subjecting it to a partial deluge, and abandoned what he conceived to be the quickest and surest means of vitally wounding this country. We do not believe, and should be very loth to say, that it is from a deep-seated vindictive wish to injure us that the scheme has been revived and made popular; notwithstanding that our neighbours have proclaimed the canal to be the weapon destined to pierce the *défaut dans la cuirasse* of England. We prefer to think that the marvellous character of the scheme, its connection with the remotest period of time, the ambition to surpass the ancients in their most gigantic conceptions, and the desire to stand forth as the most enterprising of nations, have induced Frenchmen to venture their savings in what it is to be feared will prove an unprofitable speculation. For the experience derived since the opening of the overland route has proved that whatever tends to facilitate commercial transactions conduces to the benefit of English trade. Egypt and France have gained greatly by our light and best paying traffic passing through them; but, after all, we have reaped the greatest advantage, and have seen no portion of our trade leave us. Were the canal to be opened to-morrow, we should be the chief gainers by it, the first to profit by it, and the best customers of the proprietors. Our interest is that the shortest route should be opened. We can afford to pay as high a toll as any one for using it, so that it is quite absurd to suppose that we have any hostility to the scheme *per se*, as stated in certain organs of the foreign press. If Englishmen have not supported it with their capital, it has been

because they do not believe it to be a profitable investment; and if they regard it with suspicion, it is because, believing it to be evidently unremunerative, they fancy it is intended to serve some political purpose that is not avowed,—never crediting for a moment that a quick-witted and money-loving people like modern Frenchmen could be long deceived as to the character of the enterprise.

In the first place it is to be decided whether the canal can be made and maintained of sufficient depth and size to satisfy the requirements of modern ships. The late Mr. Robert Stephenson said not; and we have reason to believe that the surveying officers (including Captains Sprat and Mansell, of the *Medina* and the *Firefly*, who know that part of the coast well) are unanimously of opinion that it will be a work of the greatest difficulty and of enormous cost to found piers, to form an entrance to the canal, on the soft mud that shoals from Pelusium for miles into the sea. They think that even if the piers be built, it will be a work of scarcely less difficulty and cost to keep the entrance clear, and to prevent its being silted up by the detritus which is brought down by the Nile, and which drifts along the coast in the direction of Pelusium. As the canal is to cross Lake Timsah, there is the farther difficulty of keeping a sufficient depth along its shallow bottom, and it will be necessary to prevent the sand of the desert from blowing into the canal and choking it—the fate which befel the work of the Egyptians. Again, as the difference between the levels of the two seas is very slight, it follows that the fall of the stream will also be very slight, and therefore inadequate to create a current strong enough to keep the canal clear; this will necessitate recourse to constant dredging.

Nothing has been learned or discovered, since the works were commenced, to invalidate the objections that were originally urged against the scheme. On the contrary, fresh difficulties have presented themselves, and important as well as costly alterations have had to be made in the plans. According to the original prospectus in 1856, the canal was to be seventy-three miles long, was to be completed in eight years, and was to cost £8,000,000,—the late Viceroy of Egypt taking shares to the value of £1,500,000. The share-list of the Paris Bourse states that three-fifths of the capital have been subscribed; and if this amount has been spent, as there is too much cause to fear, the prospect of the shareholders is a very dismal one, for scarcely any more than a commencement has been made in building the piers at the Mediterranean and Red Sea ends, or even in digging the canal itself. Meanwhile the political fortunes of the enterprise have come to a crisis.

The Government of the Sultan has never authorised the construction of the canal. When M. Ferdinand de Lesseps made application at Constantinople for the necessary sanction to the concession, he was told that the Sublime Porte required to see first of all an understanding established between the two chief maritime powers, England and France, respecting the guarantees they would give for maintaining the complete neutrality of the canal. This understanding has never been come to, and consequently M. de Lesseps has been unable up to the present time to fulfil the preliminary conditions imposed by the Sultan's government. Nevertheless he returned to Egypt, and induced Said Pacha to permit the works to be commenced, although it was stipulated in the draft contract between the parties, that the obtaining of the Sultan's authorization was to be a preliminary condition to the concession being granted. The late Viceroy's scruples were overcome by M. de Lesseps undertaking to obtain this authorization from Constantinople within eighteen months from that date. The eighteen months have long since elapsed, and M. de Lesseps is still without the sanction, because the Porte has not received the guarantees deemed requisite. It follows, therefore, that no concession exists, that the temporary arrangements have fallen to the ground, and that whatever agreement has been come to is rendered null and void. The conduct of M. de Lesseps towards the Porte is the most extraordinary that has ever been witnessed. The history of the filibustering proceedings on the other side of the Atlantic affords no parallel to it, while poor Said Pacha was certainly guilty of what fell little short of rebellion against his sovereign, however slight may be the link that connects the Vice-royalty with the Turkish empire. The rights contemplated to be conferred by the concession on a company consisting of subjects of foreign States, would be

detrimental to the dignity, independence, and interests of both Turkey and Egypt, and a source of disquietude to the whole world.

Filled with apprehensions for the future, wearied by solicitations for fresh favours from the canal adventurers, and conscious that the country was being ruined by the imprudent engagements contracted by his predecessor, Ishmael Pasha applied to the Porte for instructions how to act. Before giving these instructions, the Sultan's Minister for Foreign Affairs has appealed for advice to the two "most sincere allies" of his master, and asked them what they would do if the case were theirs. Aali Pasha's despatch is a remarkable state document, and would do credit to the foremost diplomatist of Europe. It states the facts briefly, without exaggeration and without the faintest display of passion; and it stretches generosity to the extreme limit, to avoid giving rise to embarrassments to Europe. After referring to the manner in which the Sultan's authority has been set at naught by a foreign adventurer and his associates, the despatch declares that the Porte has never entertained the thought of preventing the realization of an enterprise that may be of general utility, but its sanction cannot be given until it is certain to have the guarantees which are requisite in order to preserve the interests which it is called upon to protect. Besides displaying a disregard for the authority of the Sultan, M. de Lesseps has violated one of the laws of the empire which was established at the special desire of the Western Powers. Notwithstanding the abolition of forced labour, both in Turkey and in Egypt, this has been employed in executing the preparatory works. Twenty thousand men have been compelled by the Egyptian administration to leave their work and homes, to labour on the canal for a month. Including those who are proceeding to and returning from the works, sixty thousand men are forcibly abstracted from the labour market of the country. The wages they receive by no means afford a compensation. The personal expenses of the labourer are increased, and he has to defray the cost of returning home oftentimes to a great distance. We say nothing of the terrible mortality the system causes, for this is not to be doubted any more than that forced labour is indefensible and incompatible with the principles of humanity professed by those who profit by it. When travellers who had visited the works reported that native labour was not free, M. de Lesseps loudly contradicted them, and declared that the men were all volunteers, perfectly contented with the remuneration they received, and anxious to be continued in his employment. It is possible, although hardly credible, that he may have been ignorant of the means used by the Egyptian authorities to collect the labourers, and that he may not know how villages were surrounded by armed men, and the able-bodied inhabitants driven out into the desert. Finding them to his hand, he may have been so simple-minded as to imagine they came forward of their own free will, that they were inoculated with his enthusiasm; but he will be unable to preserve this self-delusion after reading the official despatch of the Turkish Minister, and he will be obliged to admit that he has been as hard a task-master to the Egyptians as ever Pharaoh was to the Jews. For one who, in the many phases of his career, was occasionally a fraternal Republican, this conviction will be a melancholy one.

The next grievance, and the most serious of all, is that the Canal Company are to be allowed to make fresh-water canals, and are to be invested with the absolute property of the adjacent lands. By this means the towns of Suez, Timsah, and Port Said will pass into the hands of a foreign company, who will be able, if they please, to establish on important points of the Turkish territory colonies that will be independent of the Sultan and Viceroy alike. Aali Pasha observes, with truth and justice, that no Government which has a sense of its independence and duties would ever consent to such conditions. No one can doubt that if these concessions were granted the integrity of the Ottoman Empire would receive a fatal blow. Egypt would soon disclaim allegiance to the Porte, and pass under the domination of some European power; Asia Minor would be in flames; and the Eastern question would have to be solved by a deadly war. Neither England nor France could hold Egypt without a fearful struggle between them. For ourselves, we certainly should not be content to behold the key of the way to our Eastern empire in the hands of a Power

with whom we have often been, and may again be, at war. It concerns the very existence of the Ottoman Empire, the safety of British India, and the peace of Europe, that the foolish concession of Said Pasha should not be allowed. We may add that the best interests of France are equally involved; for if it should be thought too boastful for us to say that we believe ourselves able to acquire and retain possession of Egypt, it must be at least admitted that where we have so much in peril we should not submit to adverse fortune until our resources were exhausted. This implies that our opponent would suffer as much as ourselves. Having a clear perception of the dangers that may be created, Aali Pasha declares that the Porte will not sanction the scheme, unless the neutrality of the canal be guaranteed, forced labour abolished, and the clauses relative to the fresh-water canals and concession of adjacent lands be abandoned. Once these objectionable clauses withdrawn, the Porte will be ready to examine the others in conjunction with the Viceroy, and, it may be concluded, to sanction the attempt to carry out the scheme. But as it appears doubtful whether the works will be carried on, if the undertaking be reduced to strictly commercial proportions, the alternative of their abandonment is considered. That M. de Lesseps has no claims for indemnity, must be granted. What he has done has been at his risk and peril, in violation of the laws of the Empire, and in defiance of the authority of the Sovereign. Nevertheless, out of consideration for the private interests engaged in this disastrous enterprise, the Porte will endeavour to concert measures with the Viceroy for refunding the money the Company has spent. How this is to be done it is impossible to say; for if, as is generally believed, the greater part of the paid-up capital has been expended, the Governments of the Sultan and Viceroy will be seriously embarrassed to provide the four millions sterling or so that will be required. A public loan seems out of the question; both exchequers are impoverished, and therefore fresh financial difficulties may be looked for to stay the progress of reform, and add fresh complications to the Eastern question.

OBJECTIONS TO A TRUSTEE COMPANY.

PLACING our readers in the position of "persons about to marry," we last week offered to their consideration an outline of the stipulations they would probably be called on to find trustees to undertake so soon as they had fairly made up their minds to disregard the simpler but more selfish advice of Mr. Punch. These stipulations, intended to provide for the security of the loved one, and for the education and establishment of the future ones whose possibility is at such a time a subject delicately ignored by all but the coarse-minded lawyers, were such as are usual in the case where there is only money to be settled. But our readers must not suppose that such a case is peculiar, or that the Trust Company could not equally well deal with most cases in which there is land as well as money. Generally speaking, the trustees have very little to do with the land itself. The husband is himself very often made only a tenant for life, so as to preserve the inheritance for his unborn eldest son. The trustees of the marriage settlement are invested with mere "terms;" a curious roundabout fiction, by which they are made nominal owners for a hundred or a thousand years, but solely to give them a right to raise money out of the estate in favour of the widow or the younger children, or to clear off incumbrances, after which their interest in the estate disappears. This money may either be paid over to them by the true owner, out of the annual rents, or if these are insufficient, the trustees are empowered to raise it by mortgage, or by sale of part of the property. When raised, they deal with it as if the settlement had originally been only a money one, holding it, investing it temporarily, or dividing it, in the appointed proportions and at the appointed times, among the individuals for whose benefit it is intended, precisely as the deed of settlement directs them. Sometimes, too, they may be invested with the power of laying out money on land to be added to the paternal estate; but such a power is generally directed to be exercised only with consent of the owners of the estate for the time being. During the minority of the heir they are simply stewards to collect the rents, accumulate them for his benefit, and grant him such maintenance as the deed or the Court of Chancery may direct.

Now, in all these functions it is quite clear that there is

in general very little of family discretion to be exercised. The trustees are agents to receive and pay over money, to collect rents, to invest funds till wanted. They execute these functions through their paid lawyer; only they are personally responsible that all shall be done in strict accordance with the terms of the deed appointing them. Why cannot strangers, the directors of a company, act in accordance with the terms of a deed of settlement as well as relatives, provided it is made worth their while? In the very few matters involving discretionary power, why cannot the consent or direction (without pecuniary responsibility) of some family friend be made essential to their acts? In truth, the highest authority affirms that a too close connection with the family is an objection to a trustee, by its leading him to disregard the strict duties imposed upon him by law. The present Master of the Rolls is understood to object on this principle to the appointment of a relative as trustee. The probability, then, is, that the real wishes and intentions of the settlor would be far more accurately carried out by paid men of business than by unpaid friends influenced by the entreaties of the parties, and acting after all entirely through their paid lawyer.

But, though we have thus shown that those who are owners of landed property need not despair of finding relief from the embarrassment of seeking for trustees to guarantee fulfilment of their directions, and that, in the majority of instances, a trustee company would be found a preferable machinery, it may perhaps be judicious that such a company should at first confine itself to mere money settlements. When in these simpler cases it has proved its success and safety, it need not fear that landowners will be tardy in seeking to share its benefits. This course we observe was adopted by the inchoate company of 1855, which dropped in Parliament the clauses empowering it to accept settlements of real estate.

There is, however, another great source of domestic embarrassment which the Company is well fitted to relieve us from; the choice of an executor or trustee under a will. Into the details of the duties exercised by such a personage we shall not enter; they are known more or less to almost every one. As a rule, the executor's duty is to collect the estate and pay the debts and legacies, which obviously a company can perform as well as an individual. Where complications occur, such as the winding-up of business, the discretion can be as easily vested in a personal friend as it can in the case of a marriage settlement. And where the funds are to be held for behoof of individuals at a future date, the case resembles that of trusts created on marriage, and is as appropriate to the capacity of a company.

Thus, then, will be found to disappear in practice, as soon as such a company comes to be fairly in operation, the bugbear of its want of "personal discretion." Let us now glance more briefly at the other objections which the "Humble Petition of Attorneys and Solicitors," and the Law Peers, started against the scheme in 1854-5.

One allegation was, that family secrets would be disclosed. Considering that all such family secrets as are ever put into wills may be inspected by any of her Majesty's subjects at Doctors' Commons for the small fee of one shilling, and that any which are of the smallest interest to the public are weekly announced by our contemporary, the *Illustrated News*, throughout the full extent of its cosmopolitan circulation, the suggestion that a board of directors would blab affairs otherwise inscrutable, must have demanded considerable control of the facial muscles in those who gravely propounded it. The case of marriage settlements is not very different. They are not indeed enrolled in a public register, but they are drafted probably by a conveyancing barrister with half a dozen pupils, who pay him large fees expressly that they may inspect all his deeds and discuss all their difficulties; they are perused by another conveyancing barrister with half a dozen more pupils; they are fair-copied by a clerk in a lawyer's office, and they are engrossed in a law-stationer's shop. If the secret amount of jointure, of children's provisions, and of incumbrances, does not become notorious to all the world through these sources, it is because the world in general cares nothing about them, except in the case of a very few great people, and in the case of these it always does know as much as it cares to know. In either alternative, their consideration by a board of directors would add nothing to the publicity. In point of fact, they would be the only parties who would feel themselves bound to silence respecting what they thus learned,

just as it is usual for bank directors to maintain entire reserve respecting the amount of their customers' accounts, and for insurance directors to consider the reports respecting an applicant's state of health, and even the sums he desires to insure or to borrow, as communicated to them in strict and honourable confidence. That there are often family secrets, skeletons in the house, known out of it only to the family lawyer, we do not deny. But we do deny that these secrets are found engrossed in trust deeds. The sole object of a deed is, that it may, if needful, be put in evidence in a court of law, and therefore secret arrangements are of necessity excluded from such records.

Another objection started was that the directors would not be elected by the parties interested, but by the shareholders in the company; and that the interests of the company and of the beneficiaries under the trust would not be identical, the shareholders having no interest except to make as much per-centage as possible. Surely, however, the fact that the shareholders' profits were only to arise in the shape of a per-centage on the money passing through their hands, is sufficient to disprove the allegation that they would have hostile interests to the owners of the property. The interest of these owners is to draw as much from their several estates as possible, and precisely the same is the interest of the shareholders. For all dealings not affecting the pecuniary receipts, the security for safe and honourable conduct would lie in the fact that the interests of the company would demand such conduct, under the sanction of loss of business—a sanction which is over and above all motives operating in the case of private trustees. And such also would be the inducement to their electing such directors as would give confidence to the public, keeping always steadily in view that resort to them by any settlor would be wholly optional, and would only be secured by the appointment of the very best men to conduct the affairs, and by an invariably liberal and prudent course of administration.

It were needless to detain our readers by adverting to what else the attorneys and solicitors were pleased to affirm. Objections such as that the company would have its office only in London; that it would be the introduction for the first time of a principle of "limited liability" on the part of trustees (who would not rejoice at limiting his trustee's liability to half a million, if he could only ensure his possessing that limited sum?), and so on, prove only the desperate weakness of the case they are adduced to support. Leaving these puerilities, we shall devote one more paper to showing the several advantages attendant on a company, beyond what can be derived from individuals, by a sketch in outline of the manner in which it would practically do its work.

PRESENTATIONS AND DRAWING-ROOMS.

A FRENCH maxim tells us that there is always something not altogether displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends. The truth of this worldly-wise apophthegm is susceptible of indefinite application. It is a great source of consolation to that large class of mankind who, like the fox in the fable, believe that all unattainable grapes are sour. We should imagine, for example, that some of those who were denied admission to the ceremonial of last Saturday within the precincts of St. James's Palace may have stood beside the ranks of carriages that lined St. James's-street and Pall-mall, and may have felt that they had no reason, after all, to envy the privileged unfortunates who found themselves as the day waned still at a hopeless distance from the door, advancing at the rate of a quarter of a mile in the hour, while the inexorable hour-hand went on, indicating half-past four, five, half-past five, and six o'clock, till they had not the faintest chance left of a presentation that day to Royalty. We have heard, indeed, of carriage-windows being drawn up, on the transit from Apsley House to St. James's-street, to permit of some mysterious rite being performed within, where, from the dimly-visible oscillation of ostrich plumes in the interior, the bystanders inferred that the exhausted occupants of the carriage, weary of sitting for five mortal hours in full court-dress, sought refreshment in dainty *meringues*, or the humbler but more substantial refectory of an honest sandwich.

But while the idlers of vanity and fashion were thus severely punished, another personage whom their loyalty professed to honour suffered far more cruelly than they did. A delicate young girl was standing for five and a-half mortal hours on one spot of the Palace floor. She was one but recently come among us, and lately a bride,—one whom the retiring domesticity of her previous

life had, perhaps, but ill-fitted for the turmoil and excitement of a State drawing-room as such things are managed here. It is, however, painful to anticipate the ill effects which the repetition of such scenes as those of last Saturday may have upon the health of our young and amiable princess. In fact, it was found necessary to discontinue the presentations for a few minutes while the youthful representative of her Majesty sought a little necessary repose. She was still besieged by a vast number of importunate visitors, eagerly pressing forward to appear in the charmed circle of Court guests, under the pretence of paying their respects in person to the lovely mother "of our kings to be."

The evils which attend on the system of presentation at Court have long been notorious. There have been many plans for its improvement. There have been many complaints from those who, emerging hot and flustered, and with the scars and tatters of their fierce battle upon them, from this courtly mob, have written to the *Times*, exposing the discomforts and disappointments of going to the drawing-room and the levée. But, for all practical purposes, a brief letter which appeared last Tuesday will serve as our text. The writer tells us that when George III. was king, and before the wild days of the Regency, drawing-rooms were held twice, or sometimes thrice a week, and a levée every Wednesday and Sunday. We should be loth indeed to urge the entire performance of such a formidable programme as this. The Sunday levée is inconsistent with our ideas of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Twice a week might, perhaps, be found too often, instead of the now customary four drawing-rooms and four levées in each season. Yet it seems to be in this direction, by providing more frequent opportunities of presentation, that relief is to be gained. There have been some proposals, moreover, for resorting to a more spacious and convenient locality than St. James's Palace, for the scene of these court ceremonies. We do not undervalue, on the other hand, the associations which link that plain old red-brick building with all that is interesting in English history for the last century and a half. What Windsor and Whitehall were to the Tudors, and the Tower to the Plantagenets, that St. James's has been to the line of the Protestant succession. But until this question is settled, it may be enough for us to point out some means of diminishing the crowds at the royal drawing-rooms and levées.

During the first thirty years of the present century, royalty did not behave itself in such a manner as was likely to attract the best class of visiting company. The divinity that doth hedge a king, and more or less a Prince Regent also, received a serious shock from the orgies of Carlton House, from the notorious disagreements between the heir-apparent and his consort, and from the conduct of other members of the royal family. Matters were not mended when the same prince, an elderly widower, brought to the throne the same personal reproach that had stigmatised his regency. Then came the Reform Bill, with its gradual but complete social revolution. Another elderly monarch, one of a very different character, wore the crown, assisted by one of the most estimable of her sex. But a queen-consort, without children, and with her German education, was powerless to arrest the gradual degeneration of the old-fashioned levée and drawing-room. When Queen Victoria, at the early age of eighteen, succeeded to the throne, she also found herself compelled to accept things as they were. The vast impetus given to material wealth by the commercial enterprise of the last fifteen years, has much increased the crowd of St. James's. Now-a-days, every one who has thus attained a certain position in either metropolitan or provincial society, deems it a duty and a right to have himself and all his family presented at Court. When we add to these the numbers whom etiquette requires to kiss hands, on being appointed to office "within the gift of her Majesty," we see that the name is Legion of those who claim to figure at Court on these occasions.

In order to make the drawing-room more select, as it used to be, there must be a distinction made between it and a mere presentation. Let attendance, then, at the drawing-room be by command solely, as is the case with the festivities of Buckingham Palace, and let no one be eligible for this who has not been already presented. The only presentations admissible at the drawing-room should be those rendered necessary by change of name consequent on marriage, inheritance, or otherwise; and the Lord Chamberlain might keep a set of books to record all these, specifying whether attendance at a drawing-room has been by command or on presentation. All ladies presenting other ladies should be expected to do so in person, and sufficient room could be made for them, by a further ordinance discharging all who have once been presented, from attending the general circle, unless specially invited. Under such a code of regulations the presentations need not be held oftener than at present, while the drawing-room might be held once a week,

allowing, as at present, certain personages the *entrée* to the general circle; while from the lists of presentees might be selected, by command, those eligible for attendance at at least one drawing-room in the same season in which they were presented. These two acts of personal recognition should be enough; so as to free her Majesty from the necessity of inviting hosts of persons who are not connected with the circles of fashion, and who are not entitled, either by social rank or distinguished personal merit, to thrust themselves forward at all times, crowding the narrow chambers and staircases of St. James's Palace. Similar rules, with such variations as may be required, should be laid down for the levée, which is attended by gentlemen only; and we should discourage the fond vanity of parents, who, as soon as they have purchased a commission for their son, and got him into his uniform, bundle him off to St. James's, where he may perhaps, either by too much forwardness or by too much bashfulness, make no very graceful figure.

It will not be said that these more frequent receptions, presentations, and levées would take up too much of the time of the Prince and Princess. They would be soon over, on each occasion; the numbers attending would diminish, because, when a thing becomes common by frequent recurrence, it ceases to fascinate the majority of weak minds. It would not need the satire of Mr. Thackeray to discredit the vanity of having one's name mentioned as presented at Court, if the ceremony took place in every week of the season. But it is the misfortune of the age, that it has no respect except for vastness and rarity. Let receptions, then, be more perfect; let rules be made to prevent their being over-crowded; let the actual presentation be reduced to a mere formality, and the inconveniences of these promiscuous assemblies of so many hundred people will be done away with.

We will not believe that a youthful bride and bridegroom would then find it irksome to surround themselves, once a week, with their own immediate circle, and with the addition of such other persons as may be selected for an invitation that would correspond to that which was known as the *grandes entrées* under the old Court etiquette. Of course, the privilege of the *petites entrées* would still be restricted to the personal attendants of the Court, the Ministers, and others specially designated. We know that the delightful French custom of "receptions" on certain days of the week, which has been introduced of late years into English private life, has spread through all ranks, and is especially patronized by those who have a very extensive circle of acquaintance. If the resolve of the youthful Prince and Princess to enjoy the natural pleasures of their age, be seconded by measures to lighten the formal receptions of the Court, every reasonable man and woman of their subjects will approve them; and even those who might at first consider themselves aggrieved by having their present "rights" curtailed by the proposed change, would not be so ungracious as to cry out against it.

THE WORKING MEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE UNION.

HAVING in two previous numbers spoken favourably of Working Men's Halls, it is right that we should again draw public attention to the efforts of a society which has been established for the express purpose of assisting in the establishment and maintenance of those institutions. If, as we believe and hope, these clubs and halls are to prove the successful effort of the day for the amelioration of the working classes, then it was well done when the venerable friend of suffering humanity, Lord Brougham, allowed his name to be placed at the head of the list, and consented to preside over the Council of ladies and gentlemen who have taken this good work in hand. The society to which we allude has styled itself "The Working Men's Club and Institute Union, for promoting the social, mental, and moral improvement and recreation of the working classes." If it be thought that this designation savours rather of the lengthy, and that no mortal patience could transcribe it, or any known envelope contain it, we may say that the Council abridges its designation to the following more reasonable compass: "W.M.C. and Inst. Union." Its secretary is the Rev. Henry Solly. Its office is 150, Strand, W.C. As the Council itself invites communications, addressed to their secretary, we venture to recommend our readers to take them immediately at their word. Not that we have any desire to swamp the secretary under a press of correspondence, but because we feel sure that the Council, whose representative he is, with its nine ladies out of twenty-four members, will contrive to answer their requirements, and will gladly second their endeavours. That our readers may know what aid they may expect from the society, we transcribe, with many

abridgements, its statement of its "objects," and of the means by which the promoters "propose to carry them out:"—

"It will be the aim of the Council of the Union to assist in extending and improving existing associations . . . as well as to promote the establishment of Clubs, or Institutes, where no such associations may now be found. In order to consolidate and strengthen the action . . . of these various associations, &c., the Council will invite them to become registered members of the Union. . . . The Council propose to carry out the objects of the Union—

- "1. By correspondence with officers of existing Associations.
- "2. By personal visits, by their own officers and by honorary deputations, to such places as may seem to require to be visited . . .
- "3. By the dissemination of . . . special papers.
- "4. By supplying instructions for the guidance of persons who may wish to establish Clubs, &c.
- "5. By grants or loans of books, apparatus, and diagrams.
- "6. By grants of money in special cases, by loans or otherwise, towards building, enlarging, or altering Club Houses, or procuring recreation grounds.

The "conditions on which local societies will be received into membership with the society," are set forth in a paper which has been drawn up for the purpose, and which can be procured at the office. The advantages to be derived from membership strike us as sufficient to warrant the affiliation of local institutions. There must, we think, be something pleasant and strengthening to individual efforts, in the consciousness of union with a vast body of fellow-labourers in all parts of the country. Added to which, it is of no small importance to have a central body as a referee, or as a resort for mediation, if occasion should arise—to say nothing of the details of the experience of others which the Council proffers to all corresponding associations.

In heartily commending this Society to our readers, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of pressing on their notice the really valuable principles on which its labours are based. Philanthropists have to acknowledge, that while there is much in the working classes that is capable of being turned to excellent account, there is extremely little perception of their own powers, and a thorough apathy on the subject of improvement. That there must be a splendid substratum in the humblest classes of Englishmen, let the annals of every part of the known world, and the high positions occupied by self-taught men in every profession at home, bear witness; let the marvellous self-denial and touching delicacy of the poorer women, and the thoroughly *gentlemanly* (we write the word advisedly) feelings of numbers of our country labourers, declare. We could point to large estates admirably managed, after the death of a husband, by ladies who but a few years back were occupying most humble positions among the dependents on the same estate. We have read essays, and heard speeches, and listened to music by men in fustian, which would have done credit to the assemblies of the highest. But it cannot be denied that, in spite of these powers, there is among the labouring classes, speaking generally, absolute ignorance of the stuff of which the English poor are constituted, or, at any rate, indifference as to their improvement. The great mass are living far below their capabilities, and are content to have it so.

True, many efforts have been made in the right direction. We do not wish to monopolize the credit of philanthropy to men of our own times. The fault has not been in the want of effort, but in the mistaken direction of the effort. Take the Mechanics' Institutions as a specimen. A few years ago these were to be the panacea, and we all put our shoulder to the wheel to give them a prospect of success. What has become of them? Scores of the hands which will finger these pages, as well as the hand which traces these lines, have been engaged more or less frequently in preparing lectures for Mechanics' Institutions. To whom have those lectures been delivered? To begin with, wife, sister, or daughter, will certainly go with us to the lecture-room. The front benches will probably be occupied by ladies, whose neat little red or blue mantles but half conceal the elegant dresses in which their owners have just been seated at the dining-table. On either side of the platform are their husbands, sons, or brothers, who have escorted the fair listeners to the evening's entertainment. In the next rows will be seen the respectable tradespeople, who relinquish their snug parlours for the nonce, to encourage a good object. Behind is a sprinkling of the better disposed mechanics, who, if they had not come to the lecture, would probably have been conducting themselves respectably elsewhere. Now, we do not say a word against giving these classes such information or amusement as the lecture-room may afford, only they are not the persons whom you desire to reach and elevate. You want to reach that fine specimen of humanity who, if the Queen's officers had got hold of him, would have stood in the solid square of British infantry at Waterloo without flinching, or would have made an effort to be first in

mounting the ramparts of the Malakoff, but who is going off to the pothouse to swill bad beer, to sing debasing songs, to join in bestial conversation, and to go home after a few hours to insult his wife, and to scandalize the children whom you have been teaching in the school. You do not care to say to that man, "Come with me, my friend, and you shall have an intellectual treat. Put by your pipe, and wash yourself, and in this town-hall I will find you a back seat where you may sit quite quiet for an hour and a half, looking over the heads of well-to-do tradesmen and handsome ladies, and may gain a vast deal of information on hydrostatics, the Roman catacombs, the ruins of Nineveh, and the first principles of political economy." The man cannot take in all that. Poor fellow, how should he? Your intellectual feast is just about as well suited to his case, as a plate of roast beef and a mug of home-brewed to a man who had half-opened his eyes for the first time after he had been recovered from drowning.

See now what the Working Men's Club and Institute Union will do for this fallen creature. It will say to him in the words of the ancient Hebrew lawgiver, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." It will introduce him into a working men's hall. What will he find there? To begin with, an assemblage of working men like himself, in their working clothes. What will the visitor like to do with himself? Will he have a chat? There is a group, pipe in hand, in the full swing of unrestrained conversation. Will he read? Here is a heap of newspapers, and there some book-shelves. Perhaps he cannot read, or is indisposed for such sedentary employment just at present. Very well. Here are dominoes, there are draughts. In this recess is a bagatelle-board; down there, under cover, is a skittle-ground. "You must not bet, please, but play away to your heart's content." Is he inquiring for work? Let him step this way, and he will find a register. Would he like to enter into an assurance society for sickness or old age? The society will suit him with a chance. Has last night's debauch left him with a headache, and a sense of burning thirst? "Bear it, my poor fellow, like a gallant Briton as you are, if you did but know it. It will soon go off if you don't indulge it with more poison; and meanwhile here are some drinks which will relieve you, almost at a nominal charge." Does he want a little excitement? To be sure he does—and so do his betters. He shall have it. Every Wednesday evening there is a concert, or some amusing exhibition, or recitations by men perhaps from his own workshop. Let him bring his poor slave of a wife, or that little girl whom he half starved last week, and kept without shoes to her poor little feet all last winter. They can all get in for a trifle. They may laugh as loud as they like, and applaud after their own fashion, without disturbing the sensibilities of the ladies in the front rows. And when all is over, the poor fellow may go home with the glorious companion of which the old poet sings,—

"Mens sibi conscia recti
Præmia digna ferat."

Probably he will not express the feeling so neatly, but he will hug it to his very heart-strings, and have a dim consciousness, to be verified by the result, that he has at length found the first stepping-stone in a new career. After a while he will aim higher, and the society will keep pace with him. In another part of the same premises he will find rooms where no smoking is allowed, but in which he may at certain intervals be taught reading and writing by some kind-hearted neighbour, and in which, when he is far enough advanced, he may read to himself in perfect quietude, or write such letters as his limited correspondence may entail.

Shall we say that the best ingredient in this moral medicine remains untold? We mean *self-management*. You have brought a poor besotted creature to the door of a Working Man's Hall. He discovers, to his amazement, that his own class are responsible for the management, that they have discussed their own rules, and that, *because* he wears a fustian jacket, he may aspire to be placed among the governing body, and to find himself trusted by his compeers. We are persuaded that this principle is not only essential to the maintenance of these institutions in an efficient state, but that it is of the highest possible value as regards the moral elevation of the poor. They want self-respect and self-reliance. As a friend of the lower orders has expressed it, "Set them on the box; let them try their hand at driving, and who shall say that they cannot learn?"

PHASES OF SPECULATION.

THE days of premium-hunting have not passed. It was supposed till within the last few months that the rage for share subscription would never again assume a magnitude likely to be

dangerous to the general community. That supposition we must now admit to have been fallacious, unless we perversely shut our eyes to what is hourly passing before them. How long the present fever-height of speculation will be maintained it is impossible to predict, but from what has recently occurred, it is to be expected that it will shortly decline. The public must be prepared for reaction, and when the reaction comes, fortunate will be the loanholder and the shareholder if he escapes without being plunged into that vortex of ruin and loss associated with Stock Exchange panics. It must be evident, looking at the rate at which speculation has progressed since the commencement of last year, that we have incurred an enormous amount of liability in the shape of foreign loans and the various enterprises submitted for support. Money to the extent of many millions has been subscribed to assist the necessities of Turkey, or to develop the resources of Egypt and Morocco; and, whilst Portugal has not failed to come again into the market as a borrower, Peru has been allowed to consolidate her debt, though on a doubtful footing; Venezuela bringing up the rear with a new financial arrangement. Russia and Italy have likewise sought supplies, but they have not been altogether successful. It is indicative of the rampant eagerness which has existed for the adoption of new foreign securities, that facilities of obtaining aid have been so readily afforded to one or two of the States named in this list, particularly after the experience gained through former forced conversions, and the wholesale sacrifice of arrears of interest, when it has been found necessary to seek indulgence on the plea of inability to maintain intact original engagements. Foreign loans, however, so long as dividends are paid and sinking funds are kept in work, may not prove the worst of investments, though they very frequently produce pressure when they too rapidly accumulate, and the instalments have not been spread over a sufficient period to make these payments fall with a due regard to the prospects of the future. But whilst we have been spreading our gold broadcast in distant countries, and sending the proceeds of these transactions away, we have not been neglecting enterprise at home. Numerous banks have been formed; hotel companies without number have been started; and there seems no character of adventure to which limited liability will not in the course of a short time be applied. No complaint can be made against the co-operative or associative principle in maturing these projects, because the greater proportion may be ultimately beneficial; but the fact must be boldly and resolutely faced, that with this proportion of good there is a large amount of attendant evil.

It would be, perhaps, impossible for a speculative epoch to pass over without being fraught with considerable mischief. The old story of money and morals not closely consorting together has been too frequently realized to doubt the truth of the adage; but it must be allowed that recently the amount of transparent jobbery almost recognised in the light of day has exceeded that known to have existed in the great bubble period of 1824-25, or the later railway mania of 1845-46. In the Spanish-American loan days, when Peruvian was sold by auction from the benches of the old Royal Exchange, and when the value of the shares of the mining companies then issued reached almost fabulous premiums, the operators and jobbers—and they were jobbers in every sense of the term—made fortunes few knew how, though every one sought to inquire. But it was a long time before irregular dealings were discovered, and not till the loan had become nearly valueless, and the companies had gone through such serious vicissitudes as to bring them to the verge of bankruptcy, that persons who shall be nameless were found to have committed great wrongs, not only against the public at large, but also against their own particular friends. The knavery of the railway mania took even a stronger hue and colour; but bad as it was it scarcely approaches, in open trickery and lucre-hunting, the promotion system and share rigging of the present day. The Railway King, as poor Hudson was then called, and some of his associates, were roughly handled for their questionable proceedings; but if the history of the present speculation shall ever be faithfully written, succeeding generations will be inclined to draw a comparison, and to regard their conduct with much more leniency than we have been hitherto accustomed to accord it. And they will do so chiefly for this reason: that whereas the mania of 1845-6 was first fostered and encouraged by second and third-class celebrities until it gained an unwieldy supremacy, the present mania has at the outset been stimulated and excited by those who should on the contrary have endeavoured to repress it, or keep it within bounds sufficiently narrowed to prevent any very disastrous consequences whenever the fated explosion—for an explosion there must be—shall take place. It is curious to notice in the revolution of these

different cycles the presentation of almost the same identical features, in modified or exaggerated form, and the disposition ever displayed to encourage patronage and jobbery of the most flagrant nature.

If in the days of the railway speculation, engineers, lawyers, and contractors were supposed to have secured the greatest share of the plunder, the promoters, lawyers, and directors have on the present occasion not neglected the opportunity of taking care of themselves. Most unblushing have been the appropriations made for services in the establishment of banks, and most unscrupulous the conduct of the worthies in seeking to get the best of each other in their temporary arrangements for dividing the spoil when it has come within their grasp. The majority of the promoters have emerged from a school that was little likely to elevate their original education or inculcate principles of strict honour in the management of the affairs they might happen to undertake. Many of them are discarded actuaries and secretaries of defunct life and fire offices, which, shooting up like mushrooms on a spring morning, collapsed as soon as a breath of adversity assailed them; and they have made a good market of their ingenuity and talent. By nature men of reckless character, they have not hesitated to enter into engagements which prudent men would shun. By dint of impudence they have gone for high prizes, and in several instances have secured them. Supported by one or two sharp-practising professionals whom it has of course been necessary to pay well for their assistance, the game has been bagged in the ratio of £6,000 to £10,000 for a bank, £3,000 to £5,000 for a first-class hotel, and £1,000 to £3,000 for a mining or manufacturing adventure. A regular tariff has consequently been established upon which these company-mongers have now constantly traded, and traded so successfully that several are reputed to have become small millionaires, who can command their £20,000 or £30,000 at a moment's notice to further fresh plans for defrauding the public. Between promoters and directors there has sprung up an unholy alliance, which will hereafter, we fear, militate strongly against the general body of shareholders. Except among first-class men who seek to join these various boards—and first-class men are not always strong enough to resist the temptation—a practice has been adopted of the promoter or promoters qualifying the directors, so that their names go forth to the public as guaranteeing the respectability of the undertaking, though they possess little or no pecuniary interest in it, and are guaranteed against any liability in respect of it. This is undoubtedly the most acceptable kind of limited liability as concerns the qualified director; but is it fair and straightforward towards the great mass of the uninitiated public who constitute the shareholders? With such lax principles attending the inception of these projects, with bargains specially made to yield large profits in proposed exchanges of business or the taking up of plots of land and mortgaged properties, is it surprising that share operations are conducted for the benefit of promoters and directors, and that when they are of any value they are retained for the board, the promoters, and their friends—subscribers who apply in good faith being entirely neglected? Certainly not.

Indeed, we are rapidly approaching that era when it will be a condescension on the part of the aristocracy of wealth to allow subscriptions to be received at all in support of leviathan undertakings. Have we not seen it recently stated that the whole of the capital has been subscribed towards two gigantic companies, the operations of which are to be almost universal? the directors thinking that they are so omnipotent that the public will only be too glad to purchase at a tempting premium what they have to sell. These shares, if they are to be bought at high premiums, will create just the demand the directors desire, and then they will ride out, exulting, on the shoulders of their foolish dupes, who in the end will find themselves saddled with a security worth £5 or £10 per cent. per annum, but which, in their eagerness to speculate, will have cost them three times its intrinsic value. This state of things cannot last much longer; it is the old chronic disorder of premium-hunting in its worst form; there are now professional directors, like professional promoters, who for fee and reward allow their names to be hawked about, ringing the changes on the boards of the different companies. These City company-mongers do not exhaust themselves without being adequately satisfied for their labours; and though the fecundity of the "guinea pig" race has wonderfully exhibited itself during the last five or six months, grades are becoming apparent in this as in every other walk of life.

A director of first-class pretensions takes part of the promotion—money or shares, claims his special privileges at his board, and a stipulated extent of patronage. He never condescends to look at a

second-class project or prospectus, but acts like a celebrated promoter, who, when asked to father a scheme which involved hundreds of thousands, significantly bowed the applicant from his presence, saying he never dealt with anything under a million. The second-class director holds himself in reserve for good companies that float readily at a moderate premium; he too seeks special privileges and a certain amount of patronage. If he possesses a weakness—and second-class directors have their foibles—it is when he is asked to bolster up a failing adventure, in the hope that his name will give a stamp of respectability to others of a rather shady character. His reply is, "Get the shares to a premium, then I shall come in with *éclat*;" and, of course, he has his complete apportionment at the best quotation. The third-class director—and his name is legion—does everything and anything to secure status; aims at allotments, patronage, and the several waifs and strays pertaining to a board-room—possibly a little commission on the printing and stationery, if there is not a very vigilant secretary—for he is desirous of making way in the world, and that by the shortest route. Unhappily he is too frequently only his own enemy, since not being brought within reach of the top branches of the great Pagoda-tree, he is unable to make those fortunate pulls at the fruit which his more elevated brethren obtain; and after getting heaps of worthless shares and scrip certificates, and incurring liabilities as plentiful as blackberries, he subsides into insignificance, and, if pressed, "skedaddles" to the Continent. This picture is no exaggerated outline of the position and character of the leaders in the great game of speculation which is now being played within a circuit of a quarter of a mile of the Royal Exchange. Let the reader pause and judge—not half the iniquities of the system are here exposed—whether there must not come a day of reckoning for all this plotting and counter-plotting and excitement. It has frequently been urged, when this matter has been discussed, that the public, learned in their own generation, are wise enough to take care of themselves. We hope it may be so; but notwithstanding the lessons of the past, we very seriously doubt it, and shall be only too pleased if we eventually discover our apprehensions to have been misplaced.

VACCINATION.

It is certainly a startling fact that in the land of Jenner we should be liable at intervals of a very few years to epidemics of small-pox. At the present moment the metropolis is suffering under one of these visitations, and a complete panic exists among certain portions of the community respecting it; we hear, indeed, of people leaving town for fear of the increasing scourge; and if all the exaggerated reports that are afloat had sufficient foundation in fact, we might indeed despair of the impenetrability of that armour against a deadly disease to which we have implicitly trusted for these last fifty years. That there is some foundation for the statement that we are now visited by a rather severe epidemic of small-pox, the figures furnished by the Board of Health leave no doubt. The epidemic may be said to have commenced as far back as March, 1862; for while we find that throughout the five Superintendent Registrars' districts of the metropolis only seven deaths occurred in February of that year, in the March following the number rose to 19, and went on month by month gradually increasing until the present year, when the deaths rose to 136 in January, 170 in March, 240 in April, and the mortality is not decreasing; in short, more deaths by 77 occurred from small-pox in the months of last March and April than during the whole previous twelve months, abnormally high as the small-pox death rate of that year was. These figures, whilst they are enough to alarm the public, are also calculated to compel the attention of the Government to the fact that there must be some serious defect in the public working of the Compulsory Vaccination Act of 1858.

At this time of day it is quite unnecessary to re-enter the old field of dispute as to the absolute immunity afforded by the act of vaccination against the scourge of small-pox. Doubts may still be held as to the length of time this immunity holds good, but that when well performed in infancy it secures the individual for a long period of years against infection, and almost certainly against death from this cause, there can be no manner of doubt. The statistical returns of several great European countries prove this fact, and they also prove, to our disgrace, that we are one of the worst protected countries against small-pox in Europe. Whilst, however, the value of vaccination against the special deadly enemy at which it is aimed is now admitted on all hands, some of the old charges have been revived with respect to its power of inoculating other diseases, as well as of protecting us against the small-pox venom. We hear no longer, it is true, that we are in danger

of having cow's horns growing upon our heads, or of our being covered with cow's hair, but it has been asserted in France that by means of vaccine vesicles, scrofula is transmissible, and is indeed transmitted, from child to child. It is sufficient to state that this assertion is totally unsupported by facts—indeed, is in total opposition to them, and has been refuted by all the medical authorities of Europe. That the lymph from a true Jennerian vesicle is incapable of transmitting anything but the cow-pox is now as certainly ascertained a fact as any in existence. The experience of all medical men with respect to the very large decrease of scrofulous affections during the last fifty years in which vaccination has been practised, is moreover backed up by the mortuary statistics, which prove that deaths from pulmonary consumption—a form of scrofula—have been for years greatly on the decrease. That eruptions of an insignificant kind are apt to follow vaccination is true enough; but it is difficult to say whether they are a consequence of the act or only a coincidence. At all events, they are of a very harmless and transient character. Within these last few years, however, a discussion has arisen in France, which if it had really gone adversely to vaccination would have deprived it of a vast amount of public support; we allude to the case in which it was asserted that the poison of syphilis had been thus transmitted. Ultimately it was proved that in taking the lymph from the arm of a child in whom the syphilitic taint had appeared in the circulation, the lancet removed some of the infected blood as well as the vaccine matter—hence the transference of the unlooked-for infection. That such an unfortunate event should occur again is in the utmost degree improbable; and even if it did, it would be no charge against the act of vaccination, but against a clumsiness in the operator which might be looked upon as almost criminal. If a man is bled with an unclean lancet, severe and often fatal disease is apt to follow; but no one for that reason would be silly enough to denounce the act of bleeding.

What the public are interested in knowing, however, at the present moment, is the reason of the existing epidemic. If vaccination is a true preventive, how is it that, at stated times, there is a panic about its re-appearance, and who is it that propagates the disease? As grown-up people who have never been vaccinated have nearly all been found out by the small-pox itself, and as the vaccinated cannot have transmitted the disease, there only remains one source from which infection arises—the infantile unprotected population. They it is who hand on the scourge from house to house, and from year to year. But, says the reader, if vaccination is compulsory, who is responsible for the breach of the law which keeps up among us this heritage of disease? The answer is, the law itself is mainly responsible for all the evils we are experiencing in the matter. The Act of 1858 was stringent enough—indeed, in the opinion of many persons, too stringent—but our Legislature neglected to create any workable means of putting the law in operation. Whilst the compulsory enactment with regard to vaccination within a certain limited period of birth was fresh in people's minds, and the penalties of its evasion seemed to them a reality, the law operated most admirably, and the number of vaccinations immediately more than doubled; but it was soon found that these penalties were simple scarecrows, and that they were never enforced. The result was that the old indifference to bring children to the appointed vaccination stations returned, and, as a consequence, a considerable crop of unvaccinated infants and children have grown up within the metropolitan limits, and, indeed, throughout the country. It has been well said that fire does not sooner sweep over the prairie grass than the deadly scourge of small-pox sweeps over an unprotected population—that unprotected population is presented to it in the intervals of certain spasmodic rushes of the population to be vaccinated, caused by the terror of an epidemic of the disease, and the result is the state of things we are now experiencing.

But not only is the law practically powerless to put its penalties in operation, but it has committed the fatal mistake of placing the machinery by which vaccination is carried out into the hands of the Poor-Law Board. If there is one function more than another which clearly belongs to the department of medicine, it is that of vaccination. Now we possess a medical department presided over by a very able Officer of Health, Mr. Simon; and the natural course, one would have imagined, would have been to have placed all the machinery and arrangements for carrying out vaccination under his control. This has not been done, and Poor-Law guardians—never a very intelligent body, especially in the country—hold in their hands the ultimate and all-important means of carrying out the discovery of Jenner. The Poor-Law guardians are in the habit of contracting with medical men for the vaccination of the infant population of their respective districts; sometimes there is

such competition for the contract that the pay is reduced to a point at which it will not be remunerative to perform the duties in a perfect manner; the result is that the medical man deputes the duty to a deputy, or to his assistant, and by this means an operation which, if not difficult, at least requires some attention and delicacy of handling, is performed in a manner so slovenly as to fail in a great number of cases altogether. The Vaccination Inspectors, in their returns to the Officer of Health, give such an account of the imperfect manner in which vaccination is now performed, that the wonder is the whole country is not at the present time suffering under a severe epidemic of small-pox.

Mr. Marson, of the Small-pox Hospital, perhaps the greatest authority on the subject now living, is in the habit of puncturing each arm in three places, and by this means he so saturates the system with the vaccine matter that almost absolute immunity from danger is obtained. The contractors and their assistants do not, unhappily, follow his example, and the consequence is that throughout the country the number of persons thoroughly protected are small compared with the number ineffectually vaccinated. There are other sources of failure, too technical perhaps for the pages of a newspaper, but which all work together to defeat to a certain extent the complete intervention of that beneficent weapon that Jenner gave to our hands against the Angel of Death. To correct these defects, and to create a machinery which will work effectually and smoothly, and not in the spasmodic manner which marks the present arrangements, a new Act is imperatively called for; and we trust, when it is under consideration, the medical element of direction, which is necessary to vivify and regulate the minute machinery essential to its successful working, will no longer be ignored, as it has hitherto been, in a manner in our opinion altogether unjustifiable.

THE DERBY OF 1863.

IF Mr. Mark Tapley had been present at the Derby on Wednesday, he would have enjoyed a fine opportunity of being "jolly" under adverse circumstances. But if he was not there in person he was represented by a vast concourse of his countrymen, who appeared not to be deficient in the quality on which he prided himself, though it was sorely put to the test. There is a charm, however, in variety, even if it be only a change from the pleasant to the disagreeable; and in spite of Admirable Fitzroy's warning that the day would be cold and wet, both rail and road sent thousands down to Epsom, the Prince of Wales making the journey in an open carriage under cover of his mackintosh. But, notwithstanding all that British pluck could do to make the day cheerful, it was miserably dreary, and the Derby of 1863 will long be remembered for the absence of all those associations which generally attend this national festival. Ordinarily it is a scene of universal enjoyment. For days beforehand the town buzzes with notes of preparation, and the streams of carriages, from the noble four-in-hand to the costermonger's barrow, converging to the Clapham-road with elegantly-dressed ladies, gentlemen in blue veils, and happy roughs in all sorts of vehicles, on the day itself, are in themselves a sight which enables those who cannot go to the race to enjoy at least a taste of its pleasures. But to give all this its full relish the favour of the sun is wanting, and on Wednesday, Phœbus chose to depart from his accustomed good nature and give place to a leaden sky, a cold wind, and a steady drenching rain. The time-honoured blue veils to keep off the dust were quite unnecessary, and no complaints could be made of gritty fowls and tepid champagne. There was rain above and mud below; the roads were one ocean of slush and the downs heavy as a ploughed field. The chaffers along the road were mute; the card-sellers and vagrants woe-begone. The glare and heat under which the Derby is generally run were replaced by a heavy Scotch mist, which hung over the course and the hills, on whose soddened slopes booth-keepers and gipsies were huddled in tents previous to the rain, and adding to the general misery of the scene. Veils and siphonias gave place to greatcoats and umbrellas, the latter undulating in multitudes down the centre of the course like the billows of a muddy sea. Yet, for all that, the attendance was scarcely below the average. The Hill was crowded with carriages, and the ring filled with a soaking, steaming mass of humanity, bent on pleasure under the most hopeless, dreary, and dejecting circumstances.

To make matters worse, when the great event of the day was about to come off, Count Batthyany's Tambour Major refused to start. Perhaps the day was not to his liking, and he was resolved to be as perverse as the weather. He would neither follow, nor lead, nor do anything but stop the race. More than an hour was

occupied and between twenty and thirty attempts made to effect a start, but the beast resolutely held his ground, no part of him moving but his tail, which he flashed incessantly, as if to protest against the day's proceedings. At last the start was made, Tambour Major maintaining his ground, while the thirty-one other horses sped away in a cloud of their own steam, keeping for a while so close together that it was difficult to see through the mist which had the lead. In this, as in all other great races, horses which promised well in the beginning and made good running for a spurt, gave way after a time and fell off. Bright Cloud first emerged from the ruck, keeping the lead to the three-quarter mile post, where he was passed by Donnybrook, followed by Lord Clifden, Maccaroni being fifth. Then Donnybrook fell back on entering the straight, Lord Clifden leading, and Maccaroni third. Finally the race lay between the first and second favourites, Lord Clifden retaining a slight lead till within a dozen strides of the chair, when Maccaroni rushed forward and won by a head. It is, we believe, all but unprecedented that the first and second horses in the betting should change places in the result; and on this occasion it is especially matter for surprise, owing to the nature of the ground. The rain had completely altered the usual conditions of the race; and as, in 1852, when the weather was equally unfavourable, the Derby was won by Daniel O'Rourke, a horse which, had the ground been in its usual condition, had no chance of success, it might have been expected that on this occasion the prospects indicated by the betting would have been wholly reversed. It was not so, however. The second favourite won, and thus came and went the one solitary enjoyment of the day, and for a thrill of excitement which was to last exactly 2 minutes, 52 seconds, and two-tenths of a second, the tens of thousands who were met upon the course had faced the weather with all its present discomforts and promises of cramps and catarrhs. There is no accounting for tastes. But perhaps taste had not much after all to do with it. Englishmen are proverbially slow to move, but persistent in progressing when once they are set in motion. The least particle of philosophy might have decided all but those who had bets upon the race and were anxious to have the earliest intelligence of their own eyes as to the result, to stay at home as soon as they looked out of their bed-room windows on Wednesday morning and saw what sort of pleasure the weather promised them. Some, no doubt, there were who did so; and very jolly must they have been, as they sat over their fires and thought of the luckless pleasure-hunters who were soaked with rain, dragged with mud, and shivering with cold on those dreary Epsom Downs. But for the multitude who had made up their minds and packed their hampers there was no help for it but to take the plunge, dismal as it was.

As soon as the race was over, the crowd began to disperse, and as the route to Epsom had been dreary, so was the return. It was emblematic of the family miseries which radiate from the centre of the betting world, undermining industry, corrupting honesty, overthrowing every manly virtue. We catch a glimpse of the morality of the turf from the rumours which have circulated with regard to the favourite in this very race, some of whose enemies, it is said, took the desperate means of digging holes on his exercise ground and filling them up with sharp flints, in the hope of laming him. Lord St. Vincent, his owner, in order to ensure his safety, had to take the unusual precaution of sending him to Epsom in the charge of three sturdy gamekeepers, who had instructions not to leave the "crack" night or day, while the trainer had his bed-room within a few yards of the horse's box. Money is to be won by fair means or by foul, and the morals of the turf have certainly not improved since the days when the Prince Regent added to his reputation by bribing a jockey to give a pail of water, on the morning of the race, to a horse against which he had betted largely. But the great sinners only represent the great immoralities of the turf. For the minor woes, we must look into the homes of families, stripped of their livelihood by the gambling of husbands and fathers, and into the tills of tradesmen, who have been robbed by their assistants in order to gain the chance of a prize or to make good a loss. No doubt the great majority of those who go down to the Derby do so for the pure enjoyment of the race and the brilliant scene which it presents. But it is well at times that even they should be disappointed, in order that the outward wretchedness of the scene should be, once in a decade, brought into harmony with the misery which may result from an excessive fondness for the excitement that it affords.

THE COUNTESS OF GIFFORD'S NEW COMEDY.

THE poetic drama was for a moment revived when Mr. Lewis Filmore's graceful romance, "The Winning Suit," was produced in

the early part of the year at the Princess's; and for some time expectations have been raised by the promise of a new comedy from the pen of the Countess of Gifford, that the prose drama would re-appear, if only for a season, in its former comeliness, and graced with the refined wit which delighted our fathers. For the author was grand-daughter of Sheridan, the orator, poet, statesman, wit, and dramatist, in whose family genius has chosen to depart from her rule of capricious visitation, and has taken up a permanent residence. His son was a brilliant wit; and of his three grand-daughters, two have distinguished themselves in literature,—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin, now Countess of Gifford. Would the latter lady's comedy revive the memory of "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal"? Would it inaugurate a new dramatic era, and encourage authors who are not under the necessity of importing ideas to write for the stage? That she was not destitute of the family wit and humour we already knew; but a play requires something more. There must be plot, dialogue, development of incident and character into a well harmonized picture of life. Good spirits and a turn for the ridiculous are enough for a farce; but comedy and farce are very different things.

Unfortunately, in the play which was produced at the Haymarket on Saturday, they are one and the same; in other words, the comedy is no comedy at all, but a very broad farce, relieved here and there by some touches of pathos. Nothing could be more disappointing than the contrast between the title, "Finesse; or, Spy and Counter Spy," and the work of which it is a palpable misnomer. Instead of a refined strategy dominant throughout the three acts, which the title promises, we had a succession of scenes full of boisterous mirth and grotesque incident, amusing and laughable, but as little like comedy as Sir Peter Teazle is like Macbeth. The plot, such as it is, has little or nothing to do with the play, and it is so confused that we are satisfied no two persons who witnessed the first performance could agree in giving an account of it. Happily, this did not affect the success of the play. Occasionally we had an uneasy sense, as the piece proceeded, that we had dropped the character of Hamlet on the way, though we were getting on very well without it. Indeed, from the moment we are told that a pair of knaves are conspiring to betray the English garrison of Messina, and that the doctor of the garrison, a Frenchman who hates Napoleon, is finessing to thwart their manoeuvres, the plot almost wholly disappears, and the comedy resolves itself into a series of amusing scenes, any one of which might form the subject of a separate interlude. But to give any lucid account of the manner in which these scenes are connected, is a task which utterly defies our penetration. We know that Dr. Bertrand, the French physician, has employed a young naval officer in the British fleet to take the place of a spy who is expected by the two conspirators above mentioned; and that for some reason or other altogether beyond our comprehension, it is necessary to convey this youth, concealed in the case of an Egyptian mummy, to the house of the Baron Freitenhosen, a German enthusiast, who believes he has discovered a *elixir vite* which will not only render men immortal, but will restore life to the dead; that the wily Bertrand accomplishes this feat under pretence of sending the Baron the body of a man who has been hanged, stipulating that he, the doctor, shall administer the potion himself; that the young officer thus makes his escape from some peril which is so nicely stated that no one can understand it; and that when the two conspirators, finding they have been outwitted, enter the Baron's house with a warrant to arrest the young officer, who turns out to be Bertrand's son, they discover that he has escaped, and that Mr. John Poppleton, an Englishman afflicted with the desire to pass for a sailor, has, waking up from a fit of intoxication, taken the officer's place as the revived malefactor on whom the Baron's elixir has been tried.

This is a most abominably lame account of the plot; but we could give half a dozen others equally inefficient. We may say with Hamlet, "The play's the thing," for the plot is nothing. Taking it from the French doctor's point of view, we might say that the finessing old Frenchman has unwittingly put his own son in peril of death, admiring the lad's courage, but always checking himself when on the point of yielding to the sentiment of pity by observing that the youth's risk is no business of his—"c'est son affaire;" and that when he discovers who he really is, and that by his father's finesse he is brought within the verge of death, the physician, who has learned the lesson of heartlessness from the teaching of oppression, displays a noble burst of natural affection, which is duly rewarded. Then we are taught to contrast French finesse with downright British honesty in the person of Captain Mortimer; though what he does to exemplify the superiority of

the latter quality we have taxed our powers of investigation in vain to discover. But in truth there is no leading idea in the play; and the marvel is how the scenes got together at all. How it succeeded is another marvel. But it did; and when Mr. Buckstone, as John Poppleton, appeared in the final scene as the *Deus ex machina*, in a bedgown, with a highwayman's hat on his head, the audience burst into roars of prolonged laughter which seemed likely to terminate in the general insanity of the whole house.

Nothing more crude than the construction of the play can be imagined. It would seem as if the author had trained for the task of writing it, on a diet of farces, and had found herself unequal to the task of digesting them. There is but one character which is naturally defined and worked out. This is Mrs. Bobbins, the abigail of the Baron's English wife, whose prejudice against "furriners," and whose family experiences of the danger of having anything to do with them, were infinitely amusing. Mrs. A. Wigan's performance of this character was simply perfection. Indeed, the acting throughout was meritorious. Mr. A. Wigan's Dr. Bertrand was in his best style; and there was a tragic force in the last scene, when he snatches a sword from one of the guard who have come to arrest, as he supposes, his son, and tells them that they must first slay him, which commanded the sympathies of the house in spite of the ludicrous anti-climax which they knew was behind the door, in the person of John Poppleton, instead of Jules d'Artigny, the doctor's son. Mr. Chippendale made up artistically as the German enthusiast, and Mrs. Wilkins gave all the effect of which it was capable to the heavy part of the Baroness Freitenhosen. But for a determination to go in and win, we have not for many a day seen anything to be compared to Mr. Buckstone's acting in John Poppleton. He eat, drank, danced, rollicked, joked, and fought with a vigour which seemed to say that the play must and should succeed, whether the audience liked it or not. From scene to scene he went on revelling in his powers of fun, and making the play so completely his own that any doubts about its dramatic proprieties were lost sight of. Indeed, but for the shouts of laughter which burst forth on his appearing at the door in the last scene, the success of the piece would have been more than doubtful. This alone saved it from reaching an impotent and, we fear, a disastrous conclusion.

Perhaps the day is for the present gone by, when the attention of an audience can be held by the force of dialogue, employed either to unfold the workings of the heart in a play of sentiment, or to forward the action of a comedy. Certainly the drama of the present day is the drama of incident and small talk. The less the characters say about their feelings the better is the audience pleased; and though the writers of our interludes are by no means deficient in fun and smartness, they never trust themselves beyond the support of facts. Even upon this plan, however, highly finished dramas may be produced. Take, for instance, the comedy in which Mr. and Mrs. A. Wigan have been performing for some weeks before the production of "Finesse." "Still Waters run Deep" is essentially an elaborated interlude, but it is skilfully elaborated, with much taste and point. We cannot say so much for "Finesse." It has more breadth, but has no distinct form, and the dialogue presents nothing more striking than we find in Mr. Tom Taylor's play. There is also much that is defective in point of taste. At least three of the characters, the Baron, his wife, and John Poppleton are gross exaggerations. Then, by way of comedy, we have a lady who is mistaken for a lunatic, and who acts very like one; while, in idea at least, we are regaled with a patient labouring under small-pox; and the dead body of a malefactor who has been hanged is carried across the stage in the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy. All this is coarse; and would not have been tolerated but for the excellence of the acting, the good humour of the audience, and their knowledge that the comedy was written by a lady of title.

FRAUDS ON INSURANCE COMPANIES.

A CASE of arson which was tried at the Old Bailey on Saturday, suggests some reflections on the subject of fire insurance, which ought not to be without utility to those who are mainly interested in the subject—namely, the offices which are preyed upon. Every one knows, as far as strong suspicion can be rated as knowledge, that the cases of arson which find their way into the law courts are few in comparison with those in which fraud goes unpunished. And the reason is equally well known to be the reluctance of insurance companies to investigate too closely the circumstances under which fires take place. If it is a mark against a man that he is litigiously inclined, the objection has greater force in the case of a company whose whole prosperity depends on consulting the convenience, and

not jarring the sensibilities of the public. A company which is known to ask troublesome questions before paying the sum insured for, will stand in bad odour before the world. And it is under cover of this very natural and requisite delicacy, that frauds are so often successful. But it is not till we have seen one of these frauds exposed in a court of law, that we can tell to what extent the sense of impunity prevails. In a case which was tried about two years ago, it was found that the insurer had literally filled his house with shavings, so arranged that when one portion was set on fire the flames would rapidly spread throughout the whole house. But the case which was tried on Saturday was even more impudent still.

Some time in the course of last year a woman named Stebbings ventured her little all in the trade of a "cheesemonger and butterman," in a shop in Brewer-street, Somers-town. She had had the misfortune to be burnt out of a small hotel which she and a man who passed as her husband, though another person really entitled to that honour was still in the flesh, kept in Dublin. Fortunately they were insured; and as this first calamity occurred in the beginning of the year, we may presume that the £400 paid by the Dublin fire-office formed part of the capital with which Mrs. Stebbings sought to renovate her fortunes in the neighbourhood of Somers-town. Having had practical experience of the wisdom of insuring, she now sought to effect a policy with one of the London offices, and in October last made proposals to the Sun Fire-office to insure her stock and household furniture for the sum of £500. The surveyor thought the sum exorbitant, though part of the property consisted of two pictures for which Mrs. Stebbings said she had refused £450. The surveyor valued them at five-and-twenty shillings, and we find that they were subsequently pawned for ten. The upshot, however, was that the proposal was declined. Mrs. Stebbings then applied to the County Fire-office to insure them for £400; and, baffled there, turned to the Imperial, and succeeded in effecting an insurance with that office in December last for £450. As ill-luck would have it, a month had hardly passed when the premises took fire, and Mrs. Stebbings sent in a claim for £111, which was finally reduced to £60, and was paid. But our readers will please to observe that the company had its suspicions. Very likely. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. The only explanation Mrs. Stebbings could give as to the cause of the fire was that she and her servant, Mary Casey, had gone out the evening before, and that she had previously put some slack coal on the fire, and placed her night-clothes on a chair before it. It turned out, too, that she was a married woman, but had separated from her husband, who had treated her badly, and of whose *habitat* she was ignorant. But when it was made known to her that her husband must sign the receipt as well as herself, she found no difficulty in producing the male Stebbings, who, it appears, had not identified himself with the butter business, but resided in the house as a lodger.

It certainly seems strange that the company should suspect, yet take no measures to inquire into the matter. A case more suggestive of fraud it is hard to imagine. The stock and furniture were insured for £450. Everything was consumed, but the claim sent in was only for £111, and the woman gladly accepted £60. Again, how had she succeeded in producing the lost husband just when he was wanted to sign the receipt? Where had she spent the night, and why had she kept up the fire and placed her night-clothes before it, when she and her servant were not going to return till next morning? But the rule of insurance offices is never to prosecute if it can be avoided, and the best way to avoid it is to pay as little as they can and to ask no questions. Mrs. Stebbings would have gone her way, taken another house, insured it and burnt it, had it not been for the accident that Mary Casey had a tender conscience, and, moreover, considered herself not overwell used with regard to a small matter of money which had been promised her, but was not paid. As soon as the £60 was paid by the office, Mary was shipped off to Dublin. There apparently she waited for the promised remittance, till her heart grew sick under the influence of hope deferred, and her conscience became alive to the impropriety of any longer concealing a fraud which had profited neither soul nor body. Mary is not the only sinner who has been recalled to a sense of the error of her ways by a disappointment in the stipulated reward. Accordingly, she informed the police of Somers-town that the fire had been caused wilfully, and upon this Mrs. Stebbings and her paramour were apprehended and committed for trial. Then it came out how the fire had been prepared, how the first attempt to give it effect failed, and how the ardent insurer returned to the charge and "perfected" her policy. No sooner was the insurance effected than Mrs. Stebbings began to remove her stock of hams, bacon, cheese, and tea to other quarters. The two valuable pictures were laid up in lavender,

together with a swing glass, a family Bible, and several other articles, by Mary. The male Stebbings carried off several other valuables, on the pretence that he was going to sea for the benefit of his health, which required the little comforts he took along with him. No less than forty-seven pawn-tickets were engaged in effecting the location in different places of the valuables in the cheese and butter business. When all this was done, Mrs. Stebbings addressed herself with admirable coolness and tact to the crowning of her elaborate preparations. On the Monday previous to the fire her male companion took his leave. On Tuesday she tried to set the house on fire by placing a gas-light close to a wooden partition in the back bed-room on the first floor. This was her first attempt, but it failed. Next evening she made a second. She lighted a large fire in her bed-room, near the bed, and placed some linen clothes close to the grate. This done, she and Mary left the house at midnight, and went to Mrs. Stebbings' sister's, where they remained all night, in order to give time for the house to burn. But when they returned to it in the morning there stood the obdurate shop, unwilling to give in; so that the indefatigable Stebbings was compelled to try that third chance to which popular superstition ascribes the attribute of good fortune. Nothing, however, was done till the following Sunday. In the evening of that day, Mrs. Stebbings made up a large fire in her bed-room, ripped up the mattress, took out a quantity of shavings, strewed them before the fire, and, turning the butter business to account, split up some staves of a butter-tub and laid them before the grate. No doubt she thought that if all this failed the house must be bewitched. It now occurred to her that it would give the trick a charmingly *vraisemblant* air if the faithful Casey would lie down on a sofa in one of the rooms, and take her chance of falling asleep and being waked up by the fire. But as Mary decidedly objected to this arrangement, both presently left the house, and repaired once more to the abode of Mrs. Stebbings' sister. Perseverance was rewarded. The fire took effect; and if Mary had been properly treated, all would have gone well. Mrs. Stebbings, however, did not treat her properly. She neglected to send her the money she had promised; and, the girl's better feelings being awakened by the shabby conduct of her mistress, the truth came out. Thus a promising career has been cut short, and on Saturday last Mrs. Stebbings and the gentleman who, unluckily for him, did not go to sea, were sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Every institution, no matter how good, has its attendant evils; and wilful house-burning attends the system of insurance. But if companies are averse to making rigid inquiry into the causes of fires, it surely is possible to throw the invidious task upon some one who will incur no public opprobrium by the performance of an obviously necessary duty. The services of the police or the fire brigades might be utilized for this purpose. Anciently, coroners took cognizance of fires, but their jurisdiction in our day is limited to cases which have resulted in loss of life. Thus, there is really no protection against a class of criminals who pursue their ends without remorse either for property or life. The woman whose case we have just narrated would probably have been glad if she could have consumed the accomplice in her guilt, together with the house and furniture. She endeavoured to persuade the girl to put her life in peril; and in answer to Casey's remonstrances on the whole proceeding, she replied that she would think as little of burning a man as of burning a house. We believe that she did not overstate her hardened depravity. How many culprits of equally remorseless tendencies may be at large it is impossible to say. We know only that where there is the inclination to this kind of crime, the chances of escape are favourable; and that it is often, as in Mrs. Stebbings' case, only by accident that appearances patently suspicious are traced to the most undoubted and even clumsy guilt. Surely this state of helplessness might easily be removed. We have inspectors of nuisances, inspectors of markets, sanitary inspectors. Why not give us an inspector of fires? To say nothing of the wrong done to insurance offices, the danger to the neighbours of persons like Mrs. Stebbings requires some provision of the kind; and it may be a question, moreover, whether the lurking suspicion which attaches to fires whose cause cannot be clearly traced, may not prevent householders from insuring who would otherwise do so.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

PUNCH FOR 1849-50.*

THE re-issue of the back volumes of *Punch* has now reached the year 1854; and we propose to make up our arrears from 1849 by glancing, two at a time, at the six double volumes which lie

* *Punch*, Vols. XVI. and XVII. 1849-50.

on our table. It is curious to observe how, in the brief space which has elapsed since the earliest of those dates, we have altered in many ways, so that the manners, and even some of the ideas, of fourteen years ago, seem now rather old-fashioned. In feminine dress, for instance, it was the pre-crinoline and pre-Balmoral boot period; and the women in Mr. Leech's drawings look odd to our eyes—though very agreeable—in their natural-sized skirts and their pretty little shoes. *Punch* himself has altered since those days. Though even then he had lost some little of the youthful enthusiasm of still earlier years, he had not acquired the very *distingué* tone which he now affects. The genial, though trenchant wit of Douglas Jerrold still dreamt of peace and universal brotherhood in its columns; and the execution of the Mannings gave him and Mr. Leech occasion to enter a protest against "the Great Moral Lesson at Horsemonger-lane Gaol," which would now be considered "humanitarian" and sentimental. The shock of the French Revolution and of those which succeeded it, with their visions of socialism and confiscation, had indeed begun to have an effect on English opinion, but the influence had not gone far. There seemed to be an instinctive sense that the excesses of the Red Republicans would burn out of themselves, and that the world would be the better for the convulsions which had taught so many rough lessons to kings. It was not until after the *coup d'état* at the end of 1851—not until the re-establishment of the Bonapartes at the head of French affairs—that the reaction against reforming principles set in strongly. In 1849-50, political ideas had not merged in the mere desire for self-protection from without. The military rage had not yet arisen, and Sir Francis Head was ridiculed by the same *Punch* who now talks bayonets and great guns for his alarm of a French invasion. Though monarchs and peoples were at deadly feud, and the Hungarian subjects of the Austrian Emperor were in arms against their tyrant, it was internationally a time of calm. The long peace succeeding to the final spasm of Waterloo was still unbroken. The expenditure of our own Government was much smaller then than it is now; yet Mr. Cobden brought forward a motion for reducing it by ten millions, and another for International Arbitration. Both, it is true, were rejected by large majorities; but they undoubtedly found a greater amount of support amongst the general public than they would find now. *Punch's* old caricatures exhibit a certain kindness to the party of Cobden, Bright, and Hume. In one of them, Mr. Cobden is admirably shown to John Bull as "the cleverest *cob* in England." He is represented as a horse with a human face, labelled "Financial Reform." Joe Hume, as the stable-man, holds the bridle, and Mr. *Punch* himself, as the horse-dealer, displays the beast with evident pride to the somewhat doubting customer. We have also a little Financial Reform story, in which we are told of "a small boy, whose name was John Bull, and he felt much pain from a rod"—the said rod being exorbitant expenditure; and it is related how he and Dick Cob. together pulled out the twig which gave the most pain. In another caricature, Britannia is telling Lord John Russell to take care of the baby he is nursing (Financial Reform), "for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow." In yet another, Mr. Cobden, as the usher of a school, admonishes the little boys (members of Parliament), who are re-assembling after the holidays, that they must be "more attentive to arithmetic this half." Yet there was evidently a division in the staff between the old opinions just going out and the new opinions just coming in. In one page of the volume for 1849 we find Jerrold making *Punch* say:—"We bow down and worship an Iron Duke, but we pay no distinction to an Iron Genius. The battle of Waterloo was a splendid affair, no doubt; but, to my poor thinking, of much less account to the interests of mankind than the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait. That is an iron victory of a somewhat nobler kind. However, nothing like gunpowder to make a reputation." In another page not far off, Mr. Bright is ridiculed as "the Peace Recruiting Sergeant," trying to enlist the Duke of Wellington, and putting forth a prospectus of a pacific expedition to the Continent, for the establishment of universal brotherhood. In 1850, the telegraph just laid down between England and France was hailed pictorially and poetically as the forerunner of peace and good-will from the one nation to the other; though in truth it has been followed by the bitterest recriminations that have been known for years. On the other hand, in the early part of 1849, there is a caricature which completely anticipates the self-congratulatory tone of later years. The cartoon is called "No Place like Home," and represents John Bull, his wife and family, sitting cosily by the fire, well-fed, peaceful, and happy, while all round the main design stretches a panorama revealing the wretched condition of foreign countries, desolated by fratricidal contests between rulers and ruled, threatened with socialism and anarchy, here cowed by the assassin's knife, and there trampled down by savage soldiery amidst the roar of artillery and the bombardment of cities. We recollect this picture drawing forth indignant comments from a Radical newspaper, which not unreasonably argued that the sketch of English life only reflected the well-to-do section of society, and left entirely out of view the black shadow of poverty, wretchedness, and vice to be found in England, as elsewhere. The same idea was repeated only the other day in the cartoon allegorically figuring the triumphal wedding procession of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

With a sad interest we count up in the political caricatures the faces that have long since dropped out of contemporary history. Fourteen years must needs make a difference in the working life of any nation, and our losses in that period have been many. Here is Sir Robert Peel, bland, smiling, and watchful, always with:

a prodigious aspect of being "master of the situation." Here is his lieutenant, Sir James Graham, impassive and knowing. Here is Hume, massive and stern. Here is the Duke of Wellington, looking no older than in caricatures of the days of George IV.,—with the same odd little round mouth, as if he were about to whistle, and the same expression of mingled slyness and senility, which made Hazlitt, in a moment of savage sarcasm many years before, call him "the great General with the foolish face." Here is Prince Albert before he was bald. Here is Sibthorp in a thousand shapes of buffoonery. Here is Muntz, with a beard in days when beards were considered prodigies. Here, too, is Louis Philippe pining in exile. On the other hand, it is curious and pleasant to find how many of our working politicians then remain among our working politicians now. Of Palmerston we see scarcely anything, though he was Foreign Secretary at the time; but Lord John Russell, and Lord Brougham, and Lord Derby, and Disraeli, and Cobden, and Bright, meet us at every turn of the page. We are almost startled when we find Brougham looking so old in 1849-50, and reflect that he is still active and vigorous, to be spared, let us hope, for some years of work even yet. Mr. *Punch* at that time used to treat his lordship in anything but a respectful way. He was the bad boy of the satirist, always being scolded or made fun of; and it must be admitted that his irritable eccentricities laid him open to sharp treatment. "What he *must* do next," is the title of a cartoon in which he is represented standing on his head. On the whole, the caricatures strike us as having been more amusing at that time than now. Perhaps it was because there was more political activity—more personal collision—more of the stimulus of party strife; perhaps because *Punch* himself had the gay audacity of youth; but, whatever the cause, it appears to us that the large illustrations were characterized by a greater vigour and freshness, a more abounding spirit of fun and frolic, a more defiant boldness and larger breadth of genial humour, than those which we see now from week to week. Mr. Leech was then the principal caricaturist; and some of his political sketches are so admirable that we regret his having given up that species of work, notwithstanding the graceful fancy and masterly drawings of Mr. Tenniel, who, we believe, is now the only artist who does the large caricatures for *Punch*. Doyle's cartoons in the volumes before us we do not so much like; but his "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe" are marvellous exhibitions of drollery and accurate observation of character, indicated with consummate skill by a few outlines. It will be recollected that Mr. Doyle produced a similar series a year or two ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*; but revivals always have something galvanic about them. We greatly prefer the original "Manners and Customs," which, indeed, will bear looking at again and again. Besides, the Pre-Raphaelite absurdity, of which the original series was a burlesque, has passed away; so that the fantastic mode of drawing, when reproduced at the present time, has no longer the satiric meaning and purpose it originally possessed. While alluding to this admirable collection of cuts (one of *Punch's* great hits in 1849), let us not forget to notice Mr. Percival Leigh's "Diary of Mr. Pips,"—a production quite worthy of its association with the pictures, and really wonderful in its perception, not only of the style of Pepys, but at times of the very psychology of that first of flunkies and most shabby of sensualists.

The great events and the little events of thirteen and fourteen years ago come back to us freshly as we turn these pictured leaves. Those were the days when Free-traders and Protectionists were still fighting a desperate battle, the one party for the maintenance of its recent triumph, the other for the recovery of its lost ground; when the Navigation Laws were yielding to the assaults of the Russell Government; when the French Republic was putting down the Roman Republic by force of cannon-balls; when Louis Napoleon, President, was feeling his way to be Louis Napoleon, Emperor; when California was a new wonder in men's mouths, and the gold-fields of Australia were unknown; when cholera swept away its thousands in the autumn months of 1849; when Smithfield Market, the state of the Thames, the filthy water we drank, and the horrid cesspools we lived over, were the great sanitary questions occupying all men's minds and tongues; when the facilities for secret murder offered by the reckless sale of poisons by chemists led to a panic which was allayed by an Act of Parliament placing restrictions on the vending of deadly drugs; when the Greek difficulty with Don Pacifico very nearly drew us into a rupture with France and Russia; and when the Manning murder was the grand "sensation" event in domestic history. In the autumn of 1850 we were all scared out of our wits by the prevalence of burglaries accompanied by murderous violence; and towards the close of the year the whole of England was in a ferment with the "Papal aggression." It was one of Mr. Leech's caricatures on this latter subject—the one representing a "daring attempt to break open a church," the thieves being the Pope and a cardinal—which gave so much offence to the Roman Catholic susceptibilities of Mr. Doyle as to lead to his quitting the journal. The popular fever was opposed by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, and others of the more advanced Liberal party, as well as by many of the Peelites; and it was, we believe, the first occasion when *Punch* and the Radicals were seriously at issue. From that time to this, there has been a growing schism between the witty periodical and its former friends of the Manchester school. The explanation lies in a nutshell. *Punch* has been growing more and more Conservative, while Messrs. Cobden and Bright have not yet reached that stage of political development.

The contrasts between the *Punch* of 1849-50 and the *Punch* of

1863 are sometimes very curious. For instance, *Punch* is now exhorting us to lay the lash vigorously on the backs of our criminals. In 1850, he thought this the most absurd of attempts at reforming vice. "How little it is feasible," remarks the satirist, "to reform criminals by the lash—how impracticable to 'whip the offending Adam out of them'—might be proved by numerous Chronicles of the Cat and Statistics of the Scourge, making a large pile of Black and Blue Books." And a story is then told from the newspapers, showing how a boy of fifteen had been five times imprisoned and three times whipped, without his being at all the better for it. Yet in 1849 we find a sketch entitled "How to make culprits comfortable, or Hints for Prison Discipline," which completely falls in with the feeling of the present day against "petting prisoners." A set of ruffians, old and young, are being "taken care of" in a model prison. On the walls hangs a notification that "Those gentlemen who prefer washing are informed that hot water is always ready, or a warm bath can be had at five minutes' notice." A page obsequiously approaches one of the "gentlemen," and says, "The governor wishes to know, sir, what exercise you will take to-day; whether you will pick a little oakum, or take a turn on the mill for a short time?" To which the gentleman in question—who is seated in a cushioned arm-chair, with his feet on an ottoman, an elegant little table with a pot of beer on it by his side, and a meerschaum in his mouth—replies, "Oh, give my compliments to the gov'nor, and say I shan't come out to-day! I don't feel very well." Another sprig of St. Giles's is smoking his cigar in a warm bath; to whom a man-servant, approaching with a waiter, says, "Will you take your chocolate now, sir?" One young thief is having his hair dressed before a glass, and reading the newspaper; and two little boys are being taught music by a French professor. The problem, "What shall we do with our dangerous classes?" was as much a question of the day in 1849 as it is in 1863.

Some of the little incidental touches in these two volumes come with an odd effect at the present time. In the summer of 1850, we have a large cartoon showing the Prince of Wales, as a pretty little boy, riding on a rocking-horse, or rather a rocking-unicorn, and addressed by the British Lion, who is clad in a sort of John Bull costume:—"You want Marlboro' House, and some stables! Why, you'll be wanting a latch-key next, I suppose!" There was a proposal about that time for giving the Prince a "separate establishment;" and hence *Punch's* skit at "the Royal Rising Generation." A lapse of thirteen years, and the little boy is a married man, holding levées. The sarcastic allusions to Louis Napoleon are noteworthy, not because *Punch* is very civil to the French Emperor even now, but because it was then the fashion to flout him as an incompetent fool, and a humble sycophant of the Russian autocrat. *Punch* proposed, in September, 1849, that, when the President should be turned out of his chair, "the magnanimous nincompoop be appointed to the Jardin des Plantes," in order that he might "carry garbage to the bears;" and in the same number he is described as

"This mere ninny,
The author of his country's mess
Of ignominy."

One or two points are remarkable for their appositeness to the present time, instead of their contrast. Now that Mr. Ferrand has again become a member of Parliament, and has resumed his old ravings against the manufacturers, it is interesting to see the way in which *Punch* satirized him in 1850.

"Mr. Ferrand preaches a Wool League. The Fleece versus the Cotton Tree! . . . And the contest will be the fiercer, the richer, too, in interesting episodes, inasmuch as the principal combatants will be of the softer, and, therefore, more pugnacious sex. Every other woman will bear a flag of worsted—will fight under her own particular banner. 'At present,' mourns Ferrand, 'it is cotton above—cotton below—and cotton everywhere.' Wait awhile; and inevitably the cotton will be worsted."

Unfortunately, the mock prophecy has been fulfilled; though not in the punning sense intended.

Foreshadowings of the Great Exhibition chequer nearly the whole of the volume for 1850. The most remarkable fact in connection with that subject is that the Prince's plan was at first far from popular, and that the proposal to "cut up Hyde-park," as it was called, produced a storm of indignation. A caricature in June, 1850, depicts Prince Albert begging for subscriptions. Underneath are some verses, which conclude thus:—

"Station brings duties: why should we repine?
Station has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition might have been like mine,
The child of Banter and of Railery."

And, about a month later, *Punch* gives this "hint to John Bull":—

"Take care of your pockets, John Bull, John Bull,
Take care of your pockets, John Bull;
An opinion prevails that if Albert's show fails,
On your purse there will be a slight pull,
John Bull,
The subscription not being quite full.

"Encourage your Prince, John Bull, John Bull,
Encourage your Prince, John Bull;
His intent and design is exceedingly fine,
It were pity the scheme to annul,
John Bull,
Let us hope it won't end in a mull.

"But ere you cash up, John Bull, John Bull,
But ere you cash up, John Bull,
Get a pledge—don't be foiled—that Hyde-park shan't be spoiled,
And o'errun by tramp, vagrant, and trull:
John Bull,
You magnificent jolly old gull."

In the following year, *Punch* was equally emphatic against the removal of the Glass Palace from Hyde-park! It is not permitted even to the wittiest to be always right.

MASSEY'S HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

THE fourth volume of Mr. Massey's history extends from the commencement of the great war in 1793 down to the peace of Amiens. It is marked by much the same excellences and the same defects which characterised its predecessors. The narrative is throughout clear and impartial. The tone is moderate and judicious; and the views of the author generally present us with the fair result of the best authorities. His familiarity with public and Parliamentary life gives him, moreover, that practical grasp of many parts of his subject which a mere literary man could hardly attain. On the other hand, his style wants animation, and is frequently deficient in correctness. When he attempts to rise above his ordinary and rather common-place level, he becomes stilted and affected; nor does he possess any of those higher gifts which enable an historian to impress his readers with a vivid picture of the times and the men he describes. After every deduction, his work is, however, one of considerable value. It is certainly by far the most reliable guide we have to the knowledge of a period which lies dangerously close to the domain of contemporary politics. Nor is it a slight merit in a writer to treat such a period with the freedom from party prejudice and passion to which Mr. Massey may justly lay claim.

Englishmen must look back with very chequered feelings upon the ten years to which the volume before us is devoted. The inherent strength of the country and the stability of its institutions were demonstrated by the trials which they underwent successfully. But there are very few events which inspire us with much pride or satisfaction; and many which cast a dark shade upon our annals. One branch alone of the public service worthily upheld the honour of the country and its own ancient renown. The great sea fights of the 1st June, Cape St. Vincent, Camperdown, the Nile, and Copenhagen, proved that the navy had not degenerated. They sustained the spirits of the people under a generally adverse struggle; and, more than anything else, enabled us to secure a temporary peace on terms which, if not advantageous, were at least not dishonourable.

We now know—what his contemporaries were not so well aware of—how reluctantly Pitt consented to declare war against France. Even after hostilities were commenced, the language of the English Government contrasted favourably with the insolent proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick on behalf of the despotic powers of the Continent. In that celebrated document the French were treated as a nation of rebels, to be scourged by foreigners into submission to their rightful rulers. But in the carefully drawn paper in which Lord Grenville communicated to our ambassador at St. Petersburg the grounds of the war, he declared that the terms to be proposed to the French republic were "the withdrawing their arms within the limits of the French territory, the abandoning their conquests, the rescinding of any acts injurious to the sovereignty or rights of any other nation, and the giving, in some unequivocal manner, a pledge of their intentions no longer to foment troubles or to excite disturbances against other Governments." These were, at any rate, objects which a statesman might legitimately set before himself; nor is there any reason to allege that they were pursued with any selfish motives on our part. As much cannot be said for our allies. Under the pretence of a royal crusade on behalf of monarchy, Austria sought to consolidate and extend her dominion in Flanders and to annex Alsace; while Prussia was chiefly occupied in thwarting the aggrandisement of the rival German power. Intent upon the pursuit of these objects, the allies neglected the quarters in which they might have dealt fatal blows at France. The insurrections of the Lyoneses and Vendéens were left without support. No steps were taken to retain Toulon; and the services of a British contingent, under the Duke of York, were frittered away in useless and disastrous sieges in the Low Countries. Although some successes were, in the first instance, gained over the raw and untrained levies of the French and their inexperienced generals, the spring of 1795 found the latter everywhere victorious. The Netherlands had been reconquered from the Austrians, who had also been driven back across the Rhine. The English had been compelled to evacuate Holland, whose inhabitants welcomed the enemy. In the course of the year, Prussia and Spain made peace with the victorious republic; the Emperor only remained firm on condition of a loan of £4,600,000. The grand alliance was, however, virtually at an end; and England was driven to act alone. The Vendéens were still in arms. Prompt and adequate assistance would probably have raised the whole country north of the Loire. Instead, however, of acting with decision, the ministry discussed and hesitated; promised aid to the royalists and then withdrew it; and at last, after the plan of the expedition had been communicated to Paris, they threw a force of emigrants on shore in Quiberon Bay. These

* A History of England during the Reign of George III. By Wm. Massey, M.P. Vol. IV. Parker, Son, & Bourn, West Strand.

were overwhelmed by Hoche, while the advanced transports of the British regiments, destined for their support, were tossing in the channel waiting for a favourable wind. His mismanagement of this enterprise furnishes conclusive proof of the incapacity of Mr. Pitt as a war Minister. Notwithstanding the great naval victory of the 1st of June, 1794, and the conquest of Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, it is not wonderful that the English nation became desirous of peace.

In the meantime the domestic policy of the Government had been marked by little more sagacity than that which distinguished their military operations. Although there can be no doubt that at the outbreak of the war the whole country was nearly unanimous in its favour, and that sympathy with the French revolutionists and terrorists was confined to an utterly insignificant party, Pitt and his colleagues, under the apparent influence of a panic, immediately commenced an onslaught on the liberty of speaking and writing, such as had not been attempted since the time of Charles I. Prosecutions were instituted against the most insignificant persons for the most insignificant offences. A host of spies and informers were let loose on the country; and the quarter sessions—tribunals quite unfit to entertain political prosecutions—were employed in trying and punishing all whom the wretched tools of the Government reported to have expressed discontent with the existing order of things. This course, followed up as it was by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, naturally provoked a reaction. When Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and the other members of the Corresponding and Constitutional societies, were tried for high treason in the latter part of 1794, the popular sympathies were enlisted on their side; their conviction would probably have been followed by serious disturbances if not rebellion in each of the three kingdoms. Their acquittal restored confidence in the administration of the law, and the public tranquillity was unbroken. The pressure of taxation, however, began now to be felt severely; the country was disgusted with the conduct of its allies; the downfall of Robespierre and the cessation of the reign of terror removed one great obstacle to any treaty with France. The wish for peace grew amongst all classes, and was, no doubt, materially strengthened by the distress resulting from a succession of bad harvests under which the country suffered in 1795, and which led in the latter part of that year to an outbreak of political discontent.

Thus pressed upon all sides, the Government made a serious attempt, early in 1796, to treat with the French Directory. But their persevering efforts, pushed almost to a humiliating length, were foiled by the insolence of the latter body, and by the impossibility of agreeing upon any common basis of negotiation. The result, however, was to strengthen the Government materially; it was generally felt that the war was now imposed upon the country by the enemy, and the general election which soon afterwards followed left Mr. Pitt in full possession of the parliamentary power he had hitherto wielded. It was fortunate that something like national unanimity was thus restored, for the first few months of the following year were the darkest in the whole war. Cash payments were suspended in consequence of a rapid drain of specie. The fleets in the Channel and at the Nore broke out into open mutiny, which was palliated, if not justified, by the scandalous manner in which our seamen were then oppressed, insulted, and defrauded. In April, Buonaparte compelled the Emperor to sign the preliminaries of Leoben, and we thus lost our last ally. Another attempt on our part to treat with France followed, but it was again unsuccessful. A plan for landing a force, under Hoche, on the coast of Ireland, was, however, defeated by the victory of Camperdown, which crushed the Dutch fleet. This was the period chosen by the small band of Whigs who still followed Mr. Fox for that formal secession from the House of Commons which has ever since drawn down upon them the severe censure even of their warmest admirers. The conduct of this remnant of a great party was, indeed, marked by singular extravagance. At a public dinner to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Fox, the Duke of Norfolk reminded the company that Washington had no greater number of followers than were assembled in that room when he undertook the liberation of his country; and at a later period of the evening he proposed as a toast, "Their Sovereign—the People." For this proceeding his Grace was dismissed from the lieutenancy of the West Riding and deprived of his regiment of militia. It appears, indeed, that Mr. Pitt at one time contemplated the prosecution of Fox; but from this extreme step he prudently refrained.

Our space will not permit us to enter upon the history of the Irish rebellion of 1798, to which Mr. Massey devotes a long and interesting chapter. Foolish and hopeless as were the schemes of its promoters, it is impossible to deny that it was provoked by the most wretched misgovernment to which a nation was ever subjected; nor can any words be too strong to describe the infamous cruelties which, under pretence of suppressing it, were inflicted by the Protestants upon their fellow-countrymen. It was perfectly clear that, after what then occurred, it would be impossible, without a legislative union, to preserve the connection between the two countries, and to this object Mr. Pitt now bent his mind. The Catholics, who were excluded from the Irish House of Commons, and smarted under the odious rule of the Orange party, were for the most part readily won over by the promise of a provision for their clergy, and by the distinct hopes held out to them by the Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary that their civil disabilities would be removed. A portion of the Protestants were persuaded to stand neutral. But there still remained to be dealt with a small but high-spirited party, who were attached to their existing

institutions; and the far larger and more influential class of borough-mongers and venal politicians, who saw in the proposed measure the destruction of their property or the loss of that market in which they habitually sold themselves to the Government of the day. It is probable that there is some exaggeration in the popular notion of the extent to which personal pecuniary bribery was employed amongst the members of the Irish House of Commons; but it is nevertheless certain that some money was expended in this way. For the purchase of the seats £1,260,000 were distributed amongst the proprietors of eighty-four disfranchised boroughs, while honours and pensions were scattered broadcast amongst those who possessed, or were supposed to possess, political or parliamentary influence. The Catholics were, as we shall see, the only persons who were defrauded of the consideration on which they had favoured the measure.

Since the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon, our army had remained unemployed. But the navy had maintained the supremacy of the country at sea by the great victories of St. Vincent in 1796, and of the Nile in 1798. In the summer of the latter year, however, circumstances became favourable for the resumption of more extended operations. Buonaparte was shut up in Egypt, and the Czar was at length induced to take an active part in the war which now broke out again between France and Austria. The French were driven out of Italy (with the exception of Genoa) in 1799; they might have been expelled from Switzerland and pursued on to their own soil, had it not been for the "mean and perverse policy of the Court of Vienna," who were jealous of the rising military power of Russia, and annoyed at the brilliant campaign of Suwarrow. Our own share in the military operations of the time was the unfortunate expedition to the Helder under the Duke of York. It was undertaken without the slightest encouragement from the people of Holland, whose liberation from the French yoke we professed to undertake. The state of which Amsterdam was the capital was the worst battle-ground which could have been chosen, for it was the part of the country most hostile to the House of Orange; and the general selected for the chief command was the one who had been recalled from the same scene of action for incompetence or ill fortune five years before. Although some advantages were gained in the first instance, within three months from the landing of our forces their generals were glad to make terms for evacuating the country. The successes of our allies proved equally fruitless. Buonaparte returned from Egypt, and recovered Italy by the campaign of Marengo; Moreau gained the battle of Hohenlinden, and threatened Vienna. Russia was detached from the alliance; and the treaty of Luneville, concluded in February, 1801, between France and Austria, reduced England once more to a position of isolation.

The session of 1799 was rendered remarkable by the first imposition of the income-tax—then taken at 10 per cent. on all incomes above £60; while the following year was chiefly memorable in our domestic annals on account of the severe sufferings of the people from the high price of food, and the absurd theories which were encouraged by those who should have known better both in respect to its causes and its proper remedies. We must, however, hurry on to a more striking, if not more important event—the downfall of the administration which had for seventeen years conducted the affairs of the country. Previous to the assembly of the first parliament of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which met in January, 1801, Pitt proceeded to take measures for realising those expectations which Cornwallis and Castlereagh had under his authority held out to the Irish Catholics in order to obtain their support to the union. The counsels of the cabinet were surreptitiously and prematurely betrayed to the King by the Chancellor Loughborough, who also flattered his master's prejudices by drawing up for him an elaborate argument against Catholic emancipation. Accordingly, when the prime minister at the end of January officially communicated to his Majesty the views of the majority of the cabinet, the King answered his letter next day by one in which he stated that his coronation oath absolutely precluded him from entertaining any proposition inconsistent with the maintenance of the Protestant Establishment, which expressly disqualified Papists from holding any employment in the State. Pitt immediately took the only course open to him—that of resigning office. Addington, who was at the time Speaker of the House of Commons, was immediately sent for by the King; and at the express instance of Mr. Pitt, consented to form an administration. The new Minister was a man of very poor capacity; but he appears to have acted throughout these transactions with entire honour. There is not the slightest ground for supposing that he intrigued against Pitt in any way, or that he desired to supplant him. He refused indeed to retire from office, when on the King's return to convalescence from an attack of insanity brought on by these events, Pitt caused it to be intimated to his Majesty that he would never bring forward the Catholic question again during his life. But he could hardly be expected to allow himself to be made a mere convenience; nor could the King, as a man of honour, desert a Minister who had come to his assistance in a moment of difficulty, for a Minister whose conduct bore every mark of caprice. It is not so easy to vindicate the conduct of Pitt. The King's illness could not relieve him from his obligations to the Catholics; and, as Mr. Massey truly observes, "to break up a government in February because Catholic emancipation was indispensable, and to offer to reconstruct it in March on the principle of Catholic exclusion, was to trifle with the King, to trifle with the public men, and to trifle with a great question." Disappointed in his wish to resume office, Pitt assumed the dignified rôle of pro-

lector and patron of the new administration. It is satisfactory to be able to add that the treachery of the intriguing Loughborough was not rewarded in the way he expected. He was deprived of the great seal, which was handed to Eldon.

Fortune smiled on the Addington Government. The first year that they held office was conspicuous for the first success gained by the British army during the war. The battle of Aboukir, won by Abercromby, not only led to the evacuation of Egypt by the French, but revived the drooping confidence of the nation in our soldiers and generals. Nelson's successful attack on Copenhagen and the death of the Czar Paul dissolved the northern confederacy, and put an end to Buonaparte's hope of resisting the naval ascendancy of England. The result was the signature of the preliminaries of peace on the 1st October, 1801, and the subsequent conclusion of a definitive treaty at Amiens in the March of the following year. It is unnecessary to state in detail the terms of an arrangement which merely led to a short truce. They were pretty correctly described by Sheridan when he said—"It was a peace which everybody would be glad of, but which nobody could be proud of." The one great advantage which England derived from it was that it gave her an interval of repose, during which she was enabled to recruit her strength and organize her forces for the longer and more terrible struggle in which she was soon to be involved.

THE RIVAL RACES, OR THE SONS OF JOEL.*

It would be difficult to over-estimate the influence of the French revolution upon the literature of Europe. England, France, Germany, Italy, and even Russia, have felt the impulse given to thought by that great commotion which shook the foundations of old-world thrones and of old-world ideas. But the shock has nowhere been so great as in French literature itself. The reason partly is that in France the excitement of the revolution has never been allowed to die away. Since the beginning of the century the French nation has been the prey of a continual fever of violent political sentimentalism. In the first outbreak of the democratical storm that agitated the continent seventy years ago, Paris lived more rapidly (if we may use the expression) than the rest of France, and travelled quicker through the various tempestuous crises of political experiences. The French nation hardly yet knew what liberty was, before the capital had tasted in every form both of its sweets and its bitters; and was prepared to lay the cup down, disgusted and wearied with its own excesses. Before democracy had time to collect itself, and on the very morning after its intemperate debauch, it found itself under the iron rule of a military despot. The return of the Bourbons kindled again the thirst for domestic politics which had scarcely had time or leisure to awaken, in the rush and tumult of a stirring European war. The Orleanist régime tantalized without satisfying the fierce instinct of the more intellectual of the people's champions, while the Republic which followed was shortlived, and fell in its turn before a second military régime even more crushing than the first. The result has been that the incendiary fires of revolutionary thought still smoulder on threateningly, having never had the opportunity to burn themselves out. With many of the best writers of France, democracy is a fierce passion, which is all the more powerful because it has borrowed strength from intellect and compulsory reflection. The name of the people still stirs a savage longing in the hearts of these idealists, who forget that it is no proof that the people's cause has not succeeded because France is not yet free. In reality, Democracy in France has so completely vanquished opposition, that the people's enemies seem to us to exist no longer: they have been washed away in the strong current of events of the last fifty years. Victor Hugo and his friends may raise with truth the song, "Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt." Democracy, armed and determined, has seated itself upon the very footsteps of the throne; while the old French noblesse, who so long ruled all below them, have faded into inactivity and obscurity. The proletariat triumphs, and the horse and his rider have been swept into the sea. The only persons, indeed, who can be dissatisfied, are the intellectual leaders of democratic opinion. They do not know that, in finding themselves pushed aside, they are but experiencing the common lot of those who take it upon themselves to show a crowd the way. Apostles and missionaries sink into oblivion when the religion itself has been securely founded; and the Gauls who come thronging into the surrendered Capitol, think little of crushing beneath their bucklers the guides who opened to them the gate.

A legendary romance of somewhat extravagant democratic tendencies is therefore what one might perhaps have expected from one of the able French revolutionary writers of the day; while at the same time it is one more instance to prove how large a part imagination plays in political excitement. France can certainly not be called a free or a constitutional republic. But even the present régime, violent and arbitrary as it is, is based upon the extreme theories of popular rights. In writing of the deadly and time-honoured animosities of nobles and plebeians, Eugène Sue writes accordingly of a state of things that is wholly past. It is chiefly because the recollection of them has been kept accidentally alive by the singular courses which French history has lately taken, that the moral glow of revolutionary exaltation that pervades "The Rival Races" is not ridiculous. On the other hand, while the revo-

lution for France is a *fait accompli*, French writers are proudly conscious that they do not write for France alone, but for the whole of the continent as well. Beyond the French frontiers the irrepressible struggle is either imminent or else has begun, which France has already brought to a conclusion for herself; and sympathy and enthusiasm cannot flag while this is so. To an English reader this enthusiasm may seem romantic and unpractical. It would be both if it were to be transplanted to English soil. Fierce political hatreds are unknown to the great majority of the English lower orders. On this side of the water they belong only to a disappointed clique of ambitious and ill-tempered men, who give way to bursts of democratic intemperance, not because of their country's wrongs, but because of their own wounded vanity. To a certain extent, no doubt, each class has its own interests to serve, but revenge is a sentiment that does not take root, except in soil that has been prepared for it by oppression. English society has not been trampling on the masses, and the masses have no keen desire to trample on society. "The Rival Races" must be read, therefore, by the light of French and not of English sentiment.

The idea of the book is a curious, and, it is needless to say, a wild and an impossible one. Eugène Sue first supposes an endless feud to have existed from all time between the "people," or the Gallic race, properly so called, and their successive conquerors and masters, the Romans and the Franks. He next assumes that the two antagonistic races run side by side for 2,000 years without intermingling their blood or losing their respective individuality. In the next place, being a Gaul, he represents all Gauls as virtuous and all Romans and Franks as cruel. The last supposition is more startling still, for he builds his entire story on the theory that each race is conscious all along of their history, of their mutual antagonism, and of their ultimate destiny, and that each generation as it comes to manhood proudly and willingly steps forward to take its share in the drama which it will take so many ages to play out. Thus Joel the Brenn, of the tribe of Karnak, whose virgin daughter, Hena, offers herself as a sacrifice to *Hesus*, to secure victory for her people's arms in the contest against Caesar's legions, looks forward to a great conflict between his descendants and their future oppressors, which will last through all time, and cheerfully bequeaths to them a memorial of himself to stimulate their courage and fidelity in the hour of trial. The little sickle which hung at Hena's girdle is transmitted, together with a record of the family history, from period to period, till it finally comes down to the excellent Le-brenn, linendraper, of the Rue St. Denis, who fights in the barricades after his liberation, in 1848, and is sent to the galleys in 1849. At a solemn family conclave he displays to his wife and his children each relic of the past, and reads to them the sacred page in which it is wrapped. There they are, the tokens of each little cycle of years, bearing testimony to the undying war which the Gallic people have waged with those who would enslave them. For the sake of literary interest, the tale of each successive generation is thrown into a dramatic and romantic form, and is supposed to be received by the next generation after it as an heirloom from its parents. Thus the narrative of the sacrifice of the forest of Karnak, of Albinik, the sailor in the tent of Caesar, of the great battle of Vannes, in which perished Joel the Brenn, with his war-dogs who eat men and his Gaelic women; passes down to Guildhern his son, who is sold to the Roman slave-merchant in Provence; and through him to the hands of the slave Sylvestus, the grandson of Joel, who is thrown to the beasts at the games. The classical merit of this early portion of the book is almost unequalled. The author has had to construct the various scenes almost entirely from imagination, assisted by the faint light thrown by modern researches on the habits and characteristics of the ancient Gauls. He has certainly produced a very remarkable picture. He achieves an easier triumph in the description of the provincial circus in Provençal Gaul. The picture of a provincial gladiatorial show has been attempted occasionally before; and is familiar to all English readers in the pages of "The Last Days of Pompeii;" from which ingenious tale indeed it would almost seem as if the author of "The Rival Races" had borrowed more than one conception. But in restoring from fragmentary evidences and records a tableau of classical life, it is difficult to be novel or original, if a writer is not to ignore the few undoubted facts that have come down to us from the past. Want of originality is certainly not the most conspicuous fault which can be imputed to this extraordinary volume, which comes to us as a posthumous work from the pen of one of the most daring authors of this century.

A collar of iron carefully bequeathed to posterity is the relic that preserves the memory of the time during which the Brenns were Roman slaves. The succeeding period has for its insignia the comb of a helmet and a casket of bronze. With them comes the story of the fight between the heroes of enfranchised Gaul and the warrior Franks. A dagger-hilt is the next emblem that requires to be explained. It marks the days in the middle of the sixth century, when the posterity of Joel were wandering Vagres and Bagauds, sacking castles, churches, and palaces, and spending their short lives in the merry greenwood. Their mortal enemies are the Frank nobles and the Frank clergy, their friends the churls of the country and the barefooted monks. The scene shifts at the close of this picture to the valley of Charolles, where the reformed Vagres, under the guidance of a pious monk, have founded the lay monastery of Charolles, and live happily together tilling their lands—a humble and peaceful community. The invasion of the Arabs has a chapter to itself; and, later on in the tenth century, Eidiol, one of the boatmen of the Seine,

* The Rival Races; or, the Sons of Joel. A legendary romance, by Eugène Sue. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co., and David Nutt. 1863.

carries on the work of Gaelic independence by opposing a firm and spirited front to the insolence of the *noblesse* of Paris. The ascent of the Seine by the Northmen pirates is one of the ablest passages in the volume; though here, again, the idea has been anticipated by other and not inferior writers. Rolf, the sea-king, sacks the abbey of Saint Denis, rescuing the descendant of Joel from captivity and his daughter from outrage, and ultimately marries the daughter of Karl the Fool. Feudal France, in the eleventh century, is represented, in the family chest of the linen-draper Lebrenn, by a pilgrim's shell. It is the age of the Crusades, of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. Among the crowds that troop to the Holy Land is found Fergan the quarryman, of the tribe of Joel of Karnak, his wife Jehanne the hunchback, and his child Columbaik. The lineal representative of his hereditary foes, Nerowig, lord and Count of Plouernel, surnamed Worse-than-Wolf, joins the expedition also, and meets Fergan in the desert. As usual, the poverty, the misery, and the virtue are the portion of the Brenns. For his masters are reserved the titles of King of Jerusalem, of Baron of Galilee, of Marquis of Nazareth. The book ends abruptly, but not infelicitously, with the inauguration of the town house of a commune in the twelfth century. After long struggles with the nobles, the burghers of the borough of Laon have succeeded in obtaining a charter for their town. In a house at the corner of the street leading to the Exchange may be seen seated Fergan the *ci-devant* pilgrim. On the table before him lies a casket with his family relics, the sickle of the Virgin Hena, the iron collar of Sylvester the Slave, the dagger of Ronan the Vagabond; the arrow-head of Eidiol, the boatman of the Seine. He is transcribing the new charter, the original of which, sealed and signed by the Bishop of Laon, and by Louis the Fat, king of the French, lies in the mayor's house. The procession is about to pass to uncover the tower of the new town-house, and before long it is seen winding its way through the streets amidst the groans and sneers of the knights and nobles. With shouts of acclamation from the crowd, the moulded campanile is unveiled, and stands glittering to the sun. Full of enthusiasm from the spectacle, Fergan the quarryman thus concludes his portion of the history and the book.

"O sons of Joel! look with pious respect upon our town-houses! They, also defying the centuries, will tell you one day of the obstinate, Laborious, and bloody struggles of our fathers in re-conquering and bequeathing Liberty to you! O sons of Joel! the borough town-house is the Heroic and holy cradle of the enfranchisement of Gaul!"

Despite the length of the three volumes,—which are, however, merely condensation from nineteen volumes of original French,—and despite the extraordinary difficulties of the plot, it is no slight praise to say that the interest of "The Rival Races" does not flag for a moment from first to last. The separate episodes are admirably and dramatically finished, and they are all strung together so as to form as admirable and as dramatic a whole, which well repays perusal. The theory of continuity is no doubt most extravagant, viewed from the point of view of historical credibility. Yet each of the series of pictures in the work is done with a masterly historical touch. In attributing to the heroic family of Joel, whom he constitutes his favourites, grand virtues and a consciousness of their supereminent position in the world, M. Eugene Sue has, indeed, done no more than is common among novelists of every age and nation who write with a strong moral theory. If Mr. Kingsley with impunity infuses muscular Christianity into the barbarians of the time of Hypatia, why should not M. Eugene Sue attribute the consciousness of democratic virtue to the Gauls of the Forest of Karnak, and to their successive descendants? As a political idealist and philosopher, he has a theory about the Gaelic race. As a poet, he simply endows them with a glimmering perception of their high calling through their various vicissitudes. It is a romantic and legendary fancy; but "The Rival Races," or "Les Mystères du Peuple,"—as its title is in the original,—may well be termed a legendary romance. There is a residuum of truth at bottom of these theories of nationality and blood, as far as the Continent is concerned. French history, far more than our own, presents us with spectacles that seem to justify the notion of rival and antagonistic races; and at least Eugene Sue was as correct in ascribing perennial cruelty to the victors as he was imaginative in ascribing unblemished patriotism and virtue to the vanquished.

BALDWIN'S AFRICAN HUNTING.*

FROM time to time, for some years past, the name of Baldwin has reached us as that of the Nimrod of Natal. In letters from friends in the colony, and in the brief intercourse afforded by the occasional visits of some of them to the mother country, he has always been mentioned as the mighty hunter who had ranged farther and bagged more game than any of his compeers, and whose narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, whilst most exciting, had also the crowning merit that it could always be accepted without reserve. In the handsome book before us, these virtues are happily preserved. The greater part of it consists of a transcript of the author's diary, written under many difficulties, sometimes with ink, sometimes with a mixture of gunpowder and

tea, sometimes with gunpowder and coffee, in kraals and in waggons, on the shore of Lake Ngami, by the falls of the Zambesi, by the deadly bay of St. Lucia, or in the equally deadly "thirst-land." This daily narrative reproduces before us in a very lively manner the hunter's life, its vicissitudes of happiness and misery, of plenty and want, whilst the artlessness of the style gives us an assurance of truthfulness which is often wanting when we read more elaborate books. Mr. Baldwin modestly apologizes for the monotony of a journal, and for the apparent egotism of the lonely traveller; but no such monotony will be discovered by any reader with a healthy out-of-door mind, nor will the egotism appear to be anything more than that quality of personal narrative which gives to autobiography its inexhaustible charm.

In an introductory chapter we learn a few details of Mr. Baldwin's early life, and the reasons why he betook himself to South Africa. This part of his career may probably be matched within the experience of every one of our readers. We have all of us known the boy in whom the love of sport, dogs, and horses was innate; who grew up into the lad possessing a rare knowledge of the ways of fish, flesh, and fowl; who could always fill his basket where nobody else could get a bite; whose day's shooting was rewarded with the heaviest bag; who might be distanced at school, but who distanced all others in the field. Fathers do not know what to do with such boys; like Mr. Baldwin, they are put into merchants' offices with a view to going abroad, or, like him again, they are sent to the West Highlands to learn farming, and by-and-bye it comes to pass that we hear of one lumbering in Canada, another follows Ruxton to Central America, a third takes to sheep-farming in Australia or New Zealand, and a fourth becomes a hunter with Mr. Baldwin in South Africa.

"Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stont heart, are still at home."

After a course of West Highland farming, Mr. Baldwin became convinced that the home country was too crowded for him, and that it was desirable to go forth to the waste places of the earth. Gordon Cumming's book sent him to Natal, where he arrived in December, 1851; and as the last entry in his diary is in December, 1860, his work contains the experiences of nine years' hunting. In the earlier years his hunting excursions did not extend to any great distances; his first trip was to the swamps of St. Lucia Bay; and two or three years successively were spent among the Zulul; but in later years he took a wider range; crossing the Orange River State, and passing to the west of the Transvaal Republic, he took a course almost due north through the centre of South Africa, and turned off one year to the west to Lake Ngami; a second year eastwards, towards Sofala; again westwards, in a third year; and, lastly, as far north as the falls of the Zambesi, where he had the good fortune to encounter Dr. Livingstone.

Of all Mr. Baldwin's excursions, the first was evidently the one most fraught with danger: the perils of hunting which he encountered were not indeed more remarkable, and were perhaps even less remarkable, than those of many later trips; but the risk attendant on simply living at St. Lucia Bay seems enormous. Night after night was passed sleeping on wet ground.

"We had more or less wet every day, and frequently cold soaking rain all night. We tried to make ourselves more comfortable by fencing on the weather-side, and cutting a deep trench round between the wheels, as the water came in more from underneath than from above; but on wet nights, do what we would, we generally found ourselves in a pool of water in the morning; a lot of Kaffirs at our feet curled up like dormice in their blankets, and generally sleeping through everything, and a host of wet and dirty, muddy, shivering, dreaming dogs on the top of us. The grass, which grew to a tremendous height, was so saturated, that one might just as well walk through a river, so there was no use in putting on dry clothes in the morning."

Life in this Eden was attended with its natural consequences: four out of the small party died, and the others were carried out of their waggons on their return to Natal more dead than alive. Mr. Baldwin only recovered after a long illness, and again visited him again and again in after years; we read of a fourth attack when he was a solitary European attended by a few Kaffirs in the heart of Southern Africa. It is with a feeling of relief that we escape this St. Lucia Bay, and accompany Mr. Baldwin into the interior. His journey inland led him across the Drakensberg into the Transvaal Republic. It is to the Drakensberg, or Kathlamba range, that Natal owes its delightful climate; the range runs parallel to the coast at an average distance of about 200 miles, and the colony comprising the slope from the mountains to the sea is refreshed by the breezes which are perpetually passing from one to the other, whilst the gradual ascent from the Bay affords a happy variation of temperature. We should have been glad if Mr. Baldwin had given us some more particulars of the Transvaal Republic, although we cannot complain of their absence from a hunting book. This singular community, composed of the Dutch Boers, who have resolutely refused to submit to the British authority, and have been forced back gradually into their present position, manages to exist with a minimum of government; it does not appear how Pretorius their President preserved his authority for so many years, but by some means or other he kept his supremacy from 1839 down to his death, a fact which says much for the character of the Boers. The Kaffir "question" is their standing difficulty, and this is treated by them much as the similar question was settled by the

* African Hunting. From Natal to the Zambesi. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

early settlers in New England: every Boer is a crack rifleman and a volunteer policeman, and the traffic with Kaffirs is severely watched, so that Mr. Baldwin had to procure a permit to pass across the frontier with his ammunition. They are very hard-working, plain-living people, and withal great musicians, and very fond of dancing; according to our author they are the best pioneers possible; he accuses them in one place of great ignorance of everything outside their immediate occupation, but the change was made after suffering some annoyance from one or two of them who were for a season his hunting companions. A curious custom called upsitting may be described in Mr. Baldwin's own words:—

"Many of the Dutch noë's, or young maidens, are very pretty; and they are a very moral set of people. If you admire any one in particular, you take the first opportunity that presents itself of asking her to upsit. Should this be accorded, when the old people and all the rest of the household have retired, a curtain frequently being all the partition between the sitting and bed-rooms, the chosen one again appears with a candle—short or long, according as she fancies you or otherwise—and remains as long as that burns, all conversation being carried on in whispers, and the fair one being obliged to sit very close and talk very low, for fear of disturbing the inmates on the other side of the curtain. These upsits frequently last far on into the morning, and the happy swain is at great pains to trim the candle—not to let it flicker or flare, or get into a draught, and so keep it burning as long as possible, for it is imperative to retire when that is out. I have been present, stretched on the floor in a blanket (asleep, apparently, no doubt), when two upsittings have been going on, at opposite corners of a large room, all still as the grave but the subdued whisperings of the happy pairs."

This is a very pretty picture, and we must confess to a very kindly feeling towards these Boers, in spite of the disparaging entry which Mr. Baldwin made in an angry hour in his diary. They are no doubt ignorant of much that is known to educated Englishmen, but the deficiency is trifling compared with the acquirements which they, equally with Englishmen, have over those in the savage state. They have industry and forethought; they have a settled order, and respect the law; they are honest, truthful, given to hospitality, pious. It may be questioned whether the average reach of thought amongst them is not as high as it is amongst more renowned nations. Careful and industrious as they are, they are sometimes in great straits. Mr. Baldwin came across a family almost out of ammunition.

"Franz had killed, *mirabile dictu*, with the same bullet, three or four hartebeest bulls, the shyest and most difficult of approach of all the antelope tribe, and very tough also. He was off at daylight, sparing neither time nor trouble, till he made sure of his shot, putting just sufficient powder to drive the bullet through to the skin on the other side, then cutting it out and reloading. Each skin was worth to him about twelve to fifteen shillings when tanned."

Mr. Baldwin often expresses the astonishment which every one who has met them has felt at the appetite of the Kaffirs; they can indeed abstain from food for long intervals—for three days they can easily go without it; but there is no limit to their consuming power when they are supplied with material: they seem like the Anaconda, so much used last year by the Americans, who swallows a heifer whole, and then lies torpid and comatose till it is digested. The indifference of the Kaffirs as to what they eat is, perhaps, as remarkable as the extent of their appetite. Mr. Baldwin had to restrain some young urchins who were with him on one excursion from eating pieces of old shoe-leather, and one Kaffir, named Raffler, had, he says, the most depraved stomach he ever saw:—

"He always bothers me for medicines, and he evidently enjoys castor-oil, rhubarb, and ipecacuanha. In fact, I have tried him with all the most nauseous drugs, mixed up in any manner to make them still more disgusting to the taste, and to get rid of him. I once gave him a large spoonful of mustard in a pint of warm water, which he sipped off like coffee! I then told him to follow it up with plenty of warm water, and I believe it had no effect whatever on him. He will drink a cupful of strong vinegar at a time if he can get it, and nothing disagrees with him."

A great philosopher has said that the moral virtues of a race may be accurately measured by its *gourmandise*, and we cannot be surprised to find the Kaffirs indifferently provided with good qualities; yet there are some excellent traits in their character,—“their high sense of honesty is wonderful.” Mr. Baldwin tells us of one who found some bullets in his path and brought them to him, though the find was a pure godsend; and there is nothing they so much covet as powder and lead. He adds a reflection which is neither very gracious nor apostolic: “as they are perfect heathens; their honesty is as much through fear as any better feeling.” Mr. Baldwin often complains of their ingratitude; but this seems rather due to an intellectual than a moral deficiency. The truth is, they have very short memories, and with the keenest sense at the time of favours received, the remembrance of them passes away just as the remembrance of their own sufferings and labours vanishes:—

"One bushman Kaffir, after working two years for two heifers, took gladly our escort to his kraal. He left his heifers in charge of another Kaffir while he went to a giraffe I had shot for meat, and on returning his heifers were gone. He followed the spoor far, and early next morning he saw lion-spoor also on the track of his heifers. His hopes were faint, and a little further he found their remains and rejoined us the following day, and, laughing from ear to ear, said, 'The lion had eaten them up,' and they do not appear to have cost him a second thought."

A man who can so easily forget two years' toil may desert a man who has treated him kindly for two months without being guilty of deep moral turpitude; and to the same defective memory we may attribute the carelessness and thoughtlessness of the future of which our author complains. Withal, they have a power in tracking which equals what we have read of in Cooper's novels. The last extract we have given gives one instance of their power; but a remarkable case occurred when Mr. Baldwin and three Kaffirs followed a horse which had "treked" off eighteen hours before them:—

"Bloodhounds could not have done better. We followed the trail for six hours through old grass a yard high, and through the midst of lots of quagga spoor. I once called the Kaffirs to a quagga spoor, but they recognized it immediately, and made me ashamed of myself. . . . Once, I had all but given him up, on flinty, rocky ground; we cast around in every direction for an hour and a half to no purpose, and we followed the spoor for more than 300 yards on our hands and knees, the faintest imaginable track being all we had to guide us,—a small stone displaced, or a blade of grass cut off; so we kept on till we again got to sandy ground, when we took up the running four miles an hour, and about midday we found him."

The hunter who would pursue his sport in the interior of South Africa must make up his mind to live with such companions as these, though at rare intervals he may rejoice in English company. Once Mr. Baldwin encountered an Englishman and his bride taking a wedding tour; they had started from the Cape, and after journeying about ten degrees northwards, proposed to strike to the east and reach Walvisch Bay, just within the tropics. The interview was like Eöthen meeting the Englishman in the desert, as the travellers were going different ways, and the Kaffirs would not keep the oxen standing under the yoke in the sun. But the burden of solitude is most oppressive when the hunter is sick: the fear of dying alone in a strange land unmans the boldest adventurer. In October, 1860, Mr. Baldwin found himself weary and worn out, with a system fearfully enervated, scarcely able to get into his waggon, in a most desolate country, having neither grass, wood, nor water; and the Kaffirs showed him a white man's grave.

"I can learn no particulars as to the man buried there; but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones can scarcely be conceived. I only hope such a fate may not be mine."

Our limits forbid us to examine Mr. Baldwin's purely hunting adventures; one dangerous encounter follows another, and the reader is led on as through an infinite variety of perilous positions. It is strange that the hunter who should have passed unscathed, save by climatic influences, through so many years of African sport, should return to England, and—as the news reached us a short time since—meet with his first accident in a Leicestershire hunting field. Every would-be hunter will flatter himself that he will succeed to Mr. Baldwin's immunity, and many will probably be induced by his book to follow his example, just as he was led to Natal by Gordon Cumming. The life, as he says, is "full of anxiety, excitement, hope, disappointment, satisfaction and pleasure, comforts and the reverse; it has great charms, but requires energy, determination, and perseverance." It is well that such a life has charms for many an English lad. These hunters act as pioneers to the more sober settler; they introduce to our notice, and so help to distribute, gifts of nature before unknown, and the civilization of England is indebted to the rebellious instincts of her children.

PARISH PAPERS.*

THIS volume is one of a series entitled "Books for the People," in the course of publication by Messrs. Strahan. Two of the volumes we have already noticed. Of this series it is said by the publishers, that "their aim is not merely ignobly to interest, or frivolously to amuse, but to convey the wisest instruction in the pleasantest manner." In such of the volumes as have come under our notice, they have, we think, carried out this purpose. What we call "amusement" is not, indeed, to be found in these books. But that which is sometimes called by that name, meaning "interest," is largely present, and is conveyed, for the most part, in a sufficiently "pleasant manner."

Why the volume before us has been called "Parish Papers" we can scarcely tell, unless it were with the idea of finding a title attractive to all who are interested in parochial management, without any reference to the contents. Beyond the dedication to the author's parishioners, we trace no sign whatever of connection with local interests. The different chapters can hardly, in their present form, and very unequal lengths, have been sermons, though there are many thoughts in the volume which most clergymen might embody in their discourses, with great advantage to themselves and to their hearers. If the good people of "Loudoun, Dalkeith, and the Barony," are in the habit of hearing from the pulpit such wise thoughts, in language so simple and agreeable, we think them highly fortunate. The title, however, does scant justice to the book, which is one of very general interest, and which might be usefully employed on Sunday evenings to supplement instruction of an inferior character.

"He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks of it, and thinks again,"

* Parish Papers. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, Author of "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," "The Earnest Student," &c., &c. London: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1862.

carries on the work of Gaelic independence by opposing a firm and spirited front to the insolence of the noblesse of Paris. The ascent of the Seine by the Northmen pirates is one of the ablest passages in the volume; though here, again, the idea has been anticipated by other and not inferior writers. Rolf, the sea-king, sacks the abbey of Saint Denis, rescuing the descendant of Joel from captivity and his daughter from outrage, and ultimately marries the daughter of Karl the Fool. Feudal France, in the eleventh century, is represented, in the family chest of the linen-draper Lebrenn, by a pilgrim's shell. It is the age of the Crusades, of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. Among the crowds that troop to the Holy Land is found Fergan the quarryman, of the tribe of Joel of Karnak, his wife Jehanne the hunchback, and his child Columbaik. The lineal representative of his hereditary foes, Nerowig, lord and Count of Plouernel, surnamed Worse-than-Wolf, joins the expedition also, and meets Fergan in the desert. As usual, the poverty, the misery, and the virtue are the portion of the Brenns. For his masters are reserved the titles of King of Jerusalem, of Baron of Galilee, of Marquis of Nazareth. The book ends abruptly, but not infelicitously, with the inauguration of the town house of a commune in the twelfth century. After long struggles with the nobles, the burghers of the borough of Laon have succeeded in obtaining a charter for their town. In a house at the corner of the street leading to the Exchange may be seen seated Fergan the *ci-devant* pilgrim. On the table before him lies a casket with his family relics, the sickle of the Virgin Hena, the iron collar of Sylvestus the Slave, the dagger of Ronan the Vagabond; the arrow-head of Eidiol, the boatman of the Seine. He is transcribing the new charter, the original of which, sealed and signed by the Bishop of Laon, and by Louis the Fat, king of the French, lies in the mayor's house. The procession is about to pass to uncover the tower of the new town-house, and before long it is seen winding its way through the streets amidst the groans and sneers of the knights and nobles. With shouts of acclamation from the crowd, the moulded campanile is unveiled, and stands glittering to the sun. Full of enthusiasm from the spectacle, Fergan the quarryman thus concludes his portion of the history and the book.

"O sons of Joel! look with pious respect upon our town-houses!
They, also defying the centuries, will tell you one day of the
obstinate,
Laborious, and bloody struggles of our fathers in re-conquering and
bequeathing
Liberty to you! O sons of Joel! the borough town-house is the
Heroic and holy cradle of the enfranchisement of Gaul!"

Despite the length of the three volumes,—which are, however, merely condensation from nineteen volumes of original French,—and despite the extraordinary difficulties of the plot, it is no slight praise to say that the interest of "The Rival Races" does not flag for a moment from first to last. The separate episodes are admirably and dramatically finished, and they are all strung together so as to form as admirable and as dramatic a whole, which well repays perusal. The theory of continuity is no doubt most extravagant, viewed from the point of view of historical credibility. Yet each of the series of pictures in the work is done with a masterly historical touch. In attributing to the heroic family of Joel, whom he constitutes his favourites, grand virtues and a consciousness of their supereminent position in the world, M. Eugene Sue has, indeed, done no more than is common among novelists of every age and nation who write with a strong moral theory. If Mr. Kingsley with impunity infuses muscular Christianity into the barbarians of the time of Hypatia, why should not M. Eugene Sue attribute the consciousness of democratic virtue to the Gauls of the Forest of Karnak, and to their successive descendants? As a political idealist and philosopher, he has a theory about the Gaelic race. As a poet, he simply endows them with a glimmering perception of their high calling through their various vicissitudes. It is a romantic and legendary fancy; but "The Rival Races," or "Les Mystères du Peuple,"—as its title is in the original,—may well be termed a legendary romance. There is a residuum of truth at bottom of these theories of nationality and blood, as far as the Continent is concerned. French history, far more than our own, presents us with spectacles that seem to justify the notion of rival and antagonistic races; and at least Eugene Sue was as correct in ascribing perennial cruelty to the victors as he was imaginative in ascribing unblemished patriotism and virtue to the vanquished.

BALDWIN'S AFRICAN HUNTING.*

FROM time to time, for some years past, the name of Baldwin has reached us as that of the Nimrod of Natal. In letters from friends in the colony, and in the brief intercourse afforded by the occasional visits of some of them to the mother country, he has always been mentioned as the mighty hunter who had ranged farther and bagged more game than any of his compeers, and whose narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, whilst most exciting, had also the crowning merit that it could always be accepted without reserve. In the handsome book before us, these virtues are happily preserved. The greater part of it consists of a transcript of the author's diary, written under many difficulties, sometimes with ink, sometimes with a mixture of gunpowder and

tea, sometimes with gunpowder and coffee, in kraals and in waggons, on the shore of Lake Ngami, by the falls of the Zambesi, by the deadly bay of St. Lucia, or in the equally deadly "thirst-land." This daily narrative reproduces before us in a very lively manner the hunter's life, its vicissitudes of happiness and misery, of plenty and want, whilst the artlessness of the style gives us an assurance of truthfulness which is often wanting when we read more elaborate books. Mr. Baldwin modestly apologizes for the monotony of a journal, and for the apparent egotism of the lonely traveller; but no such monotony will be discovered by any reader with a healthy out-of-door mind, nor will the egotism appear to be anything more than that quality of personal narrative which gives to autobiography its inexhaustible charm.

In an introductory chapter we learn a few details of Mr. Baldwin's early life, and the reasons why he betook himself to South Africa. This part of his career may probably be matched within the experience of every one of our readers. We have all of us known the boy in whom the love of sport, dogs, and horses was innate; who grew up into the lad possessing a rare knowledge of the ways of fish, flesh, and fowl; who could always fill his basket where nobody else could get a bite; whose day's shooting was rewarded with the heaviest bag; who might be distanced at school, but who distanced all others in the field. Fathers do not know what to do with such boys; like Mr. Baldwin, they are put into merchants' offices with a view to going abroad, or, like him again, they are sent to the West Highlands to learn farming, and by-and-by it comes to pass that we hear of one lumbering in Canada, another follows Ruxton to Central America, a third takes to sheep-farming in Australia or New Zealand, and a fourth becomes a hunter with Mr. Baldwin in South Africa.

"Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home."

After a course of West Highland farming, Mr. Baldwin became convinced that the home country was too crowded for him, and that it was desirable to go forth to the waste places of the earth. Gordon Cumming's book sent him to Natal, where he arrived in December, 1851; and as the last entry in his diary is in December, 1860, his work contains the experiences of nine years' hunting. In the earlier years his hunting excursions did not extend to any great distances; his first trip was to the swamps of St. Lucia Bay; and two or three years successively were spent among the Zulus; but in later years he took a wider range; crossing the Orange River State, and passing to the west of the Transvaal Republic, he took a course almost due north through the centre of South Africa, and turned off one year to the west to Lake Ngami; a second year eastwards, towards Sofala; again westwards, in a third year; and, lastly, as far north as the falls of the Zambesi, where he had the good fortune to encounter Dr. Livingstone.

Of all Mr. Baldwin's excursions, the first was evidently the one most fraught with danger: the perils of hunting which he encountered were not indeed more remarkable, and were perhaps even less remarkable, than those of many later trips; but the risk attendant on simply living at St. Lucia Bay seems enormous. Night after night was passed sleeping on wet ground.

"We had more or less wet every day, and frequently cold soaking rain all night. We tried to make ourselves more comfortable by fencing on the weather-side, and cutting a deep trench round between the wheels, as the water came in more from underneath than from above; but on wet nights, do what we would, we generally found ourselves in a pool of water in the morning; a lot of Kaffirs at our feet curled up like dormice in their blankets, and generally sleeping through everything, and a host of wet and dirty, muddy, shivering, dreaming dogs on the top of us. The grass, which grew to a tremendous height, was so saturated, that one might just as well walk through a river, so there was no use in putting on dry clothes in the morning."

Life in this Eden was attended with its natural consequences: four out of the small party died, and the others were carried out of their waggons on their return to Natal more dead than alive. Mr. Baldwin only recovered after a long illness, and again visited him again and again in after years; we read of a fourth attack when he was a solitary European attended by a few Kaffirs in the heart of Southern Africa. It is with a feeling of relief that we escape this St. Lucia Bay, and accompany Mr. Baldwin into the interior. His journey inland led him across the Drakensberg into the Transvaal Republic. It is to the Drakensberg, or Kathlamba range, that Natal owes its delightful climate; the range runs parallel to the coast at an average distance of about 200 miles, and the colony comprising the slope from the mountains to the sea is refreshed by the breezes which are perpetually passing from one to the other, whilst the gradual ascent from the Bay affords a happy variation of temperature. We should have been glad if Mr. Baldwin had given us some more particulars of the Transvaal Republic, although we cannot complain of their absence from a hunting book. This singular community, composed of the Dutch Boers, who have resolutely refused to submit to the British authority, and have been forced back gradually into their present position, manages to exist with a minimum of government; it does not appear how Pretorius their President preserved his authority for so many years, but by some means or other he kept his supremacy from 1839 down to his death, a fact which says much for the character of the Boers. The Kaffir "question" is their standing difficulty, and this is treated by them much as the similar question was settled by the

* African Hunting. From Natal to the Zambesi. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

early settlers in New England: every Boer is a crack rifleman and a volunteer policeman, and the traffic with Kaffirs is severely watched, so that Mr. Baldwin had to procure a permit to pass across the frontier with his ammunition. They are very hard-working, plain-living people, and withal great musicians, and very fond of dancing; according to our author they are the best pioneers possible; he accuses them in one place of great ignorance of everything outside their immediate occupation, but the change was made after suffering some annoyance from one or two of them who were for a season his hunting companions. A curious custom called upsitting may be described in Mr. Baldwin's own words:—

"Many of the Dutch noës, or young maidens, are very pretty; and they are a very moral set of people. If you admire any one in particular, you take the first opportunity that presents itself of asking her to upsit. Should this be accorded, when the old people and all the rest of the household have retired, a curtain frequently being all the partition between the sitting and bed-rooms, the chosen one again appears with a candle—short or long, according as she fancies you or otherwise—and remains as long as that burns, all conversation being carried on in whispers, and the fair one being obliged to sit very close and talk very low, for fear of disturbing the inmates on the other side of the curtain. These upsittings frequently last far on into the morning, and the happy swain is at great pains to trim the candle—not to let it flicker or flare, or get into a draught, and so keep it burning as long as possible, for it is imperative to retire when that is out. I have been present, stretched on the floor in a blanket (asleep, apparently, no doubt), when two upsittings have been going on, at opposite corners of a large room, all still as the grave but the subdued whisperings of the happy pairs."

This is a very pretty picture, and we must confess to a very kindly feeling towards these Boers, in spite of the disparaging entry which Mr. Baldwin made in an angry hour in his diary. They are no doubt ignorant of much that is known to educated Englishmen, but the deficiency is trifling compared with the acquirements which they, equally with Englishmen, have over those in the savage state. They have industry and forethought; they have a settled order, and respect the law; they are honest, truthful, given to hospitality, pious. It may be questioned whether the average reach of thought amongst them is not as high as it is amongst more renowned nations. Careful and industrious as they are, they are sometimes in great straits. Mr. Baldwin came across a family almost out of ammunition.

"Franz had killed, *mirabile dictu*, with the same bullet, three or four hartebeest bulls, the shyest and most difficult of approach of all the antelope tribe, and very tough also. He was off at daylight, sparing neither time nor trouble, till he made sure of his shot, putting just sufficient powder to drive the bullet through to the skin on the other side, then cutting it out and reloading. Each skin was worth to him about twelve to fifteen shillings when tanned."

Mr. Baldwin often expresses the astonishment which every one who has met them has felt at the appetite of the Kaffirs; they can indeed abstain from food for long intervals—for three days they can easily go without it; but there is no limit to their consuming power when they are supplied with material: they seem like the Anaconda, so much used last year by the Americans, who swallows a heifer whole, and then lies torpid and comatose till it is digested. The indifference of the Kaffirs as to what they eat is, perhaps, as remarkable as the extent of their appetite. Mr. Baldwin had to restrain some young urchins who were with him on one excursion from eating pieces of old shoe-leather, and one Kaffir, named Raffler, had, he says, the most depraved stomach he ever saw:—

"He always bothers me for medicines, and he evidently enjoys castor-oil, rhubarb, and ipecacuanha. In fact, I have tried him with all the most nauseous drugs, mixed up in any manner to make them still more disgusting to the taste, and to get rid of him. I once gave him a large spoonful of mustard in a pint of warm water, which he sipped off like coffee! I then told him to follow it up with plenty of warm water, and I believe it had no effect whatever on him. He will drink a cupful of strong vinegar at a time if he can get it, and nothing disagrees with him."

A great philosopher has said that the moral virtues of a race may be accurately measured by its *gourmandise*, and we cannot be surprised to find the Kaffirs indifferently provided with good qualities; yet there are some excellent traits in their character,—“their high sense of honesty is wonderful.” Mr. Baldwin tells us of one who found some bullets in his path and brought them to him, though the find was a pure godsend; and there is nothing they so much covet as powder and lead. He adds a reflection which is neither very gracious nor apostolic: “as they are perfect heathens; their honesty is as much through fear as any better feeling.” Mr. Baldwin often complains of their ingratitude; but this seems rather due to an intellectual than a moral deficiency. The truth is, they have very short memories, and with the keenest sense at the time of favours received, the remembrance of them passes away just as the remembrance of their own sufferings and labours vanishes:—

"One bushman Kaffir, after working two years for two heifers, took gladly our escort to his kraal. He left his heifers in charge of another Kaffir while he went to a giraffe I had shot for meat, and on returning his heifers were gone. He followed the spoor far, and early next morning he saw lion-spoor also on the track of his heifers. His hopes were faint, and a little further he found their remains and rejoined us the following day, and, laughing from ear to ear, said, 'The lion had eaten them up,' and they do not appear to have cost him a second thought."

A man who can so easily forget two years' toil may desert a man who has treated him kindly for two months without being guilty of deep moral turpitude; and to the same defective memory we may attribute the carelessness and thoughtlessness of the future of which our author complains. Withal, they have a power in tracking which equals what we have read of in Cooper's novels. The last extract we have given gives one instance of their power; but a remarkable case occurred when Mr. Baldwin and three Kaffirs followed a horse which had "treked" off eighteen hours before them:—

"Bloodhounds could not have done better. We followed the trail for six hours through old grass a yard high, and through the midst of lots of quagga spoor. I once called the Kaffirs to a quagga spoor, but they recognized it immediately, and made me ashamed of myself. . . . Once, I had all but given him up, on flinty, rocky ground; we cast around in every direction for an hour and a half to no purpose, and we followed the spoor for more than 300 yards on our hands and knees, the faintest imaginable track being all we had to guide us,—a small stone displaced, or a blade of grass cut off; so we kept on till we again got to sandy ground, when we took up the running four miles an hour, and about midday we found him."

The hunter who would pursue his sport in the interior of South Africa must make up his mind to live with such companions as these, though at rare intervals he may rejoice in English company. Once Mr. Baldwin encountered an Englishman and his bride taking a wedding tour; they had started from the Cape, and after journeying about ten degrees northwards, proposed to strike to the east and reach Walvisch Bay, just within the tropics. The interview was like Eöthen meeting the Englishman in the desert, as the travellers were going different ways, and the Kaffirs would not keep the oxen standing under the yoke in the sun. But the burden of solitude is most oppressive when the hunter is sick: the fear of dying alone in a strange land unmans the boldest adventurer. In October, 1860, Mr. Baldwin found himself weary and worn out, with a system fearfully enervated, scarcely able to get into his waggon, in a most desolate country, having neither grass, wood, nor water; and the Kaffirs showed him a white man's grave.

"I can learn no particulars as to the man buried there; but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones can scarcely be conceived. I only hope such a fate may not be mine."

Our limits forbid us to examine Mr. Baldwin's purely hunting adventures; one dangerous encounter follows another, and the reader is led on as through an infinite variety of perilous positions. It is strange that the hunter who should have passed unscathed, save by climatic influences, through so many years of African sport, should return to England, and—as the news reached us a short time since—meet with his first accident in a Leicestershire hunting field. Every would-be hunter will flatter himself that he will succeed to Mr. Baldwin's immunity, and many will probably be induced by his book to follow his example, just as he was led to Natal by Gordon Cumming. The life, as he says, is "full of anxiety, excitement, hope, disappointment, satisfaction and pleasure, comforts and the reverse; it has great charms, but requires energy, determination, and perseverance." It is well that such a life has charms for many an English lad. These hunters act as pioneers to the more sober settler; they introduce to our notice, and so help to distribute, gifts of nature before unknown, and the civilization of England is indebted to the rebellious instincts of her children.

PARISH PAPERS.*

THIS volume is one of a series entitled "Books for the People," in the course of publication by Messrs. Strahan. Two of the volumes we have already noticed. Of this series it is said by the publishers, that "their aim is not merely ignobly to interest, or frivolously to amuse, but to convey the wisest instruction in the pleasantest manner." In such of the volumes as have come under our notice, they have, we think, carried out this purpose. What we call "amusement" is not, indeed, to be found in these books. But that which is sometimes called by that name, meaning "interest," is largely present, and is conveyed, for the most part, in a sufficiently "pleasant manner."

Why the volume before us has been called "Parish Papers" we can scarcely tell, unless it were with the idea of finding a title attractive to all who are interested in parochial management, without any reference to the contents. Beyond the dedication to the author's parishioners, we trace no sign whatever of connection with local interests. The different chapters can hardly, in their present form, and very unequal lengths, have been sermons, though there are many thoughts in the volume which most clergymen might embody in their discourses, with great advantage to themselves and to their hearers. If the good people of "Loudoun, Dalkeith, and the Barony," are in the habit of hearing from the pulpit such wise thoughts, in language so simple and agreeable, we think them highly fortunate. The title, however, does scant justice to the book, which is one of very general interest, and which might be usefully employed on Sunday evenings to supplement instruction of an inferior character.

"He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks of it, and thinks again,"

* Parish Papers. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, Author of "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," "The Earnest Student," &c., &c. London: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1862.

says George Herbert. In this volume is decidedly a vein of silver, and it will much help thinking.

The volume opens with some "Thoughts on Christianity," of which we notice only the short chapter (p. 45) headed, "What if Christianity is not true?"—an important question amidst the controversies of the present day. "As for that Christianity" (it has been said by Niebuhr) "which is such according to the fashion of the modern philosophers and pantheists . . . without historical faith, it may be a very subtle philosophy, but it is no Christianity at all." Now, what if there be "no Christianity at all?" Dr. Macleod rejoices to believe that the historical facts on which, among other foundations, the evidences for Christianity rest, have never been shaken. But he supposes these facts to be disproved, and the millennium of infidelity to have arrived. Let the world pause, and count the fruit of the victory. Will the substitute, if there be any, rest on any surer foundation? Will it better meet our wants and difficulties in every period and condition of our varied existence? Will it do better work, and produce better fruit? To those who now believe in Christianity, it is plain that there would be a loss of everything, with no corresponding gain. And what would be the gain to the unbeliever himself if he could finally and satisfactorily prove Christianity to be false? If Christianity should cease to exist as a reality, still other realities would remain; as existence, death, sin, sorrow, and suffering. And what if these continue, while we have driven away the physician who can relieve them? Will the substitute for Christianity be more attractive, if it leaves us without forgiveness, without trust, without duty?

The author has a striking passage (p. 54) as to the spirit in which any announcement disturbing the truth of Christianity should be given to the world:—

"Picture to yourselves a person entering a family whose members were rejoicing in the thought of a father's return, and announcing the intelligence of that father's death, with a smile of pity or a sneer of contempt at their ignorant happiness! Imagine such an one professing to be actuated by a mere love of truth! Oh, if the terrible duty has been laid upon any one with a human heart, of announcing to others intelligence, which, if true, must leave a blank to them which can never be filled up; what tender sympathy, what genuine sorrow, becomes him who breaks the heavy tidings! And such ought to be the feelings of every man who, from whatever cause, feels called upon to announce that the Christian religion is false. If he must make known that terrible fact . . . if he must tell men that the supposed Source of all their life and joy has no existence . . . let this be done with the solemnity and sorrow which a true brotherly sympathy would necessarily dictate. . . . The missionaries of an infidelity which professes only to destroy, and not to build up, should go forth on their dreadful vocation with the feeling of martyrs, and with no other notes of triumph than sounds of lamentation and woe."

In pp. 281, &c., is a highly interesting chapter on sorrow. We turned instinctively to it on first opening the volume, that we might judge, at starting, as to the author's manner of dealing with this most human of interests. We at once found that he had a human heart, and was to be trusted to view our highest interests from our own level. Speaking of the family in Bethany, he says,—

"We are able in spirit to cross their lowly threshold, and to understand all that took place in that humble home. The head of the house is laid on a bed of sickness. We need no details to enable (us) . . . to realize how the symptoms of illness, treated at first perhaps lightly, would become more serious, then alarming, until foreboding thoughts of death pained every tender affection. . . . We see it all. . . . But ere the last moment was reached . . . they are in full hope that it may be averted, for they have a secret source of relief in a Physician of body and soul. . . . They can send for Him. . . . The messenger has departed. With what anxiety must they have measured out the time within which it was possible for him to receive the intelligence. They who have sent far away for a physician in a critical case, when every moment was precious, can sympathize with their anxiety. Time passes; has He received the tidings of their grief? Probably not, for there is no improvement in the sufferer. . . . Time passes; now He must have heard! Yet Lazarus is no better. . . . Alas, it is in vain; Lazarus is dead. . . . Swathe him then in the garments of the grave; make ready for the funeral; let him be buried for ever out of sight; follow him to the ancestral tomb. . . . Lay the body gently down beside those who have been so long sleeping there; look at it; remember the past, since childhood; weep and say farewell; return, Martha and Mary, with wrung hearts to your home, and see the empty room, and listen for a voice that is no more, and experience a second death in the emptiness, the silence of this changed abode. . . ."

We have no space for an extract from pp. 291, &c., in which the reasons for delay, in this memorable instance, are detailed. But we are taught that there is something of more importance to human beings than mere comfort—that to get quit of grief, to have tears dried up and smiles restored, to be freed from all anxiety and relieved from the heavy burden of sorrow, never mind how, is not the highest end of our existence, and would not be the primary object of One who had our truest welfare at heart.

Prominent among many chapters replete with much that is highly interesting, stand some "Thoughts upon future life." At first sight, such subjects appear suitable only to the theorist. Many would consider the time little better than wasted, that was occupied by thoughts concerning any time beyond the present. Yet it must sometimes have occurred to most of us to question how far our present powers of mind and capacities of enjoyment

may survive in another state of existence. No less a theologian than Dr. Chalmers has condemned the idea that, on the other side the grave, is a condition in which all the warm and felt accompaniments which give colour to our present habitation, are attenuated into a spiritual element, wholly uninviting to the eye of mortals. He cannot believe that, beyond death, nothing is left but certain unearthly scenes which have no power of allurements, and certain unearthly ecstasies with which it is impossible to sympathize.

The author of the volume before us unhesitatingly casts in his lot with those who look for a large amount of what we may call "materialism" in the world beyond the grave. He argues that the body is no less the work of a divine hand than the soul. If one is to survive the wreck, why not the other? There is neither more nor less of divinity in the soul, than in the eye which perceives the glory of the summer sky, in the ear which conveys to the soul all the varied harmonies of sound, or in the nostril which inhales the sweet perfumes which rise as incense from the flowers. It seems only reasonable to conclude that the risen body will have some relation to the body that was buried, and that with the new body the inhabitants of the new earth will tread upon its surface, and gaze upon the new heavens. It is easy to conceive that, through the medium of the new body, visions, now unsuspected, may be spread before the eye, connected with those immense worlds which twinkle only in the field of the largest telescope. Sounds, now unimagined, may greet the ear from the as yet unheard music of those spheres. It is even possible that new sources of enjoyment may be opened, and that thousands of new objects may minister delight to new senses and to new tastes.

Then there is the intellectual life. Many who now revel in intellectual pursuits, must have questioned with themselves whether it be possible that those pursuits will be suspended beyond death. It has been argued, indeed, that very many unintellectual persons are found on the side of truth in this world, and that many highly intellectual persons have devoted their powers to the spread of evil and to the perversion of Christianity. It is argued, also, with perfect truth, that the Common Father reveals Himself not to talent, but to goodness; not to the man of towering intellect, but to the babe-like spirit. Though all this be true, yet the acquisition of knowledge is a source of extreme pleasure, and of vast benefit to mankind. It is intellectual labour, pursued oftentimes in solitude and want, which has created our manufactures, healed our diseases, opened communications with the distant regions of the earth, and raised up the huge fabric of law and government.

Is it conceivable that He who made the intellect to be the source of so much enjoyment, and so much advantage to society, will fail to perfect it hereafter? It would seem certain that, all barriers to progress being then removed, the intellect will be characterized by a clearness, precision, and force, which are now unknown. There will be enlarged sources of knowledge, in the myriads of worlds with which the mind may then become acquainted, and in all the ways in which the Great Father has worked, and guided, and governed in all worlds, and throughout all ages. There will be scope beyond the grave to ascend for ever from one intellectual height to another, while new and grander displays are for ever made of the wisdom and glory of the Creator.

Then there is our social life. We are made for brotherhood. In reference to this craving of the heart for society, it was said originally, "It is not good for man to be alone." Space forbids us to enter into the interesting questions of recognition and companionship in the other world. The author of the "Parish Papers" pronounces, without hesitation, in favour of the full recognition of individuals, in addition to the full enjoyment of the society of angelic spirits, and of those without whom even Paradise itself would have no happiness.

We forbear to enter on the subject of the probable life of activity which will be led beyond death. Labour is now essential to our happiness. Rest from fatigue, no doubt, is enjoyment; but idleness, from want of employment, is a punishment, and is well known to conduce to insanity. Why should the inherent love of action be annihilated? Why should the pleasures of the eternal world be confined to contemplation? Why, when all the present occupants of that world are represented as labouring, should man, when he reaches it, alone be doomed to idleness? As to the nature of the employments that may then be pursued, we are not informed, and need make no inquiry. We can easily imagine how countless worlds like ours may continually be added to the great family of God, and how Christian graces may be called into perpetual exercise among orders of beings of whom we now know nothing.

Cui bono, all these inquiries? asks some rigid anti-theorist. The author of this interesting volume does not fail to answer (pp. 105, 112, 130, 135); for example:—

"Let us honour the body as a holy thing, and beware how we put the chains of slavery upon it." "Let me only implore you to consecrate your intellects to God's service." "Reverence truth in every department . . . and seek it in humility, and with a deep sense of your responsibility as to how you search, and what you believe." "Take a peculiarly tender care of those who are deprived of the noble gift of intellect, and who in God's Providence may be cast on your mercy. See them not as they are, but as they shall be. Act as you would wish to have done when you meet them in that world of light where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly. . . . Thank God, 'there shall be no night there.'"

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.*

MRS. WILDE'S translation of this German novel has the merit, not very common in translations, of being pleasantly readable. It is only at long intervals that a phrase or a sentence reminds us by its structure that we are not reading an original work. The vigour and life which pervade it prove that the task of translation has been done *con amore*. We notice, however, some strange grammatical errors and numerous mistakes in spelling, some of which occurring more than once can hardly be the fault of the printer. Among the former we find "can't thou," for "canst thou;" "over which has travelled all the destructive tendencies;" "the kingdom of thought was shook;" "are all of they God?" Among the latter, breath (as a verb), neice, feamale, docter, momont, sponser, conversaiton, mariage, where (for were), Apostalate, imminence (for immanence), Iphegenia, Ichthyasaurian, &c. The German quotation, "Wie kommt's dass du so traurig bist?" is once printed thus:—"Wie kommt's das die so traurig bist?" And for Latin, we find the phrase, "O sancta simplicitus."

Whether it was desirable to translate this "philosophical romance" at all may, we think, be questioned. The purpose of the author is to scare his (or her?) readers from the dreary regions of atheistic philosophy, and from the paths of doubt and denial which may lead to them, by an exhibition of the characters and conduct of a small group of men and women who have arrived there. We will not now press the obvious and fatal objection that a tale written to prove a particular proposition can prove nothing at all, and only to unthinking readers seems even to do so. But we say that, whatever may be the case in Germany, we know of nothing in the present intellectual, moral, or social condition of our own country to call for such a loud alarm as this book is intended to raise. The "heresy" and "scepticism" which exist in English society are of a very mild sort; and held in check as they are, both by our characteristic disrelish for purely metaphysical speculation, and by our equally characteristic firm hold of the practical, they are not at all likely to run with us to such ridiculous and destructive extremes as are set before us in this novel. We allow ourselves perhaps to doubt respecting a dogma, to criticize an institution, or to be dissatisfied with a method of proof; but there are no signs as yet of Englishmen, in any large number, being in danger of forsaking the worship of the living God for the recognition of the Absolute, the Idea!

"The First Temptation" is not likely to be an attractive book to English readers. It is too intensely German for them to relish: German in its excess of sentimentality, and German in its obtrusive jargon of formal metaphysics. To read much of it at a time wearies and bewilders us, as the dense undergrowth, confusion, and hot, damp air of a jungle would. It contains some striking and impressive scenes, powerful delineations of the workings of passion, and vivid portraiture of individual character; but action and incident bear a very small proportion to talk. Conversations and the letters and diaries of women fill a large part of the three volumes, and the same things are said and written over and over again, mostly in the grand style, of course. We seem almost to grow dizzy with the monotony of it, and we read on, half-dreaming, of the mythus, the ego, the idea, the absolute, the pure reason, subjective, objective, harmonical relation, inner life, inner voice, inner nature, inner unity, inner mechanism, &c. After being suspended in a sort of dull fire-mist in infinite space, we shut the book, and in order to *feel our legs* once more, and verify the existence of solid ground, and a living and industrious world of men, we walk down the Strand, or read the *Times*, or stroll in a meadow pale-golden with May buttercups, with cattle feeding among them.

Notwithstanding the truth and power of particular passages, a sense of unreality, of untruth to nature and the common facts of human life, takes and keeps possession of the reader's mind throughout the story. Men and women in real life, whether in England or Germany, do not talk, and act, and play as they are represented to do in this book. It is impossible to escape the thought that it is not a picture of things that are, but a fancy of things that might possibly be if life in some men would only so far change its nature as to go quietly and orderly in the leading-strings of Hegelian or other logic. Learned professors of German universities may, perhaps, be in the habit of falling on each other's necks, and crying and kissing like school girls; but we are not prepared to believe that their lives, in general, are occupied with play and dreams, shows, tableaux from Greek mythology, and amateur operas to the extent here represented; or that the jargon of the schools is habitually converted into the slang of the social circle. Over and over again, as we see the men and women of this tale "playing at thought and feeling in conversation for general amusement," and observe how every path of thought and sentiment leads them straight to their metaphysical heights, and hear the big words they use, Pascal's hearty exclamation recurs to mind, "*Je hais les mots d'enflure*."

The story ranges within a very narrow circle, and introduces us to but a small number of characters: the principal persons belonging to the professorial class. The hero is Doctor Schartel, Professor at a nameless University, and one of the great lights of the atheistic philosophy: a tall handsome man who has travelled, and studied art and literature; is cold and critical; looking at all things from the æsthetical point of view, and never so satisfied as when anatomizing human conduct and character. His wife Elizabeth, in whom

the deepest interest of the story is centred, was the only daughter of a Professor of Philology, a friend of Schartel. She was of an earnest, impulsive, poetic nature, was early familiarized with Greek and Roman literature by her father, and at the same time trained up, by both father and mother, in the fear and love of God. At the opening of the story she is an orphan living in the house of an uncle, and there we first see her on a summer's evening sitting with her friend Leonora by a window overlooking a garden. They discuss the poetry of Goethe and the lawfulness of reading it. Parson Schwerdtman, whom they consult, and whose character is forcibly sketched—he is a Pietist—surprises and grieves them by his bitter judgment on the poet and coarse taunts for Goethe's admirers. A new world, or a dream of one, is opened to Elizabeth by the appearance of Robert Schartel, whose animated talk on art and literature is "like music from golden chords." They fall in love with each other, Elizabeth finds her "wildest aspirations stilled," and Robert thinks her "faultless if—if—she had a little more levity of disposition." One day a letter from Leonora brings grave warning to Elizabeth: reporting that Dr. Schartel is one of the modern philosophers and cannot be called a Christian. It casts a threatening shadow between the lovers, and raises "a storm of conflicting feelings" in Elizabeth's soul. Nobly and simply she questions him, and he answers her as well as he can. She seems calm, but her heart misgives her, and the question whether she ought to become his wife pierces her like a sword. Love, aided by what we must call a little natural superstition, triumphs over the doubt, and on a spring day, full of light and peace and promise, they are married.

How the happiness—the "heavenly harmony" of their life—was interrupted by discord, at first slight and easily subdued, then louder and harsher and more persistent; how temptations came to the wife, only to be victoriously escaped; how experiments were tried on her by her husband for "æsthetic purposes," but at the cost of cruel torture to her sensitive nature,—a sort of moral *vivisection*, which only a diabolical nature could indulge in; how, at last, she was driven to renounce her religious faith, and to accept in its stead the wretched spectral creed of the atheistic school; how she fell into imbecility and madness, and at last, to escape a madhouse, ran away from home and found shelter in a country cottage, heard again the old consoling voice of religion in the village church, and died in peace,—these are the main elements of the story.

Associated with Doctor Schartel as fellow-professor is the grave, earnest Fischman, whose married life is unhappy also. He, devoted to the same philosophy as his friend, has married a simple-minded little woman whom he found in a romantic way among the Swiss Alps. Susette, so they call her, is thus sketched by Elizabeth:—

"She is a child of nature, born and reared in her grand mountain prison, and all that interests us—music, literature, painting—is lost upon her, unless associated in some way with her beloved mountains. The world beyond them is dead to her. The only strong characteristic of her moral nature I have yet discovered, is cleanliness. She dusts, settles, cleans, arranges, interminably. It would kill me to spend my whole life like her, with a duster in my hand; and what with the washing and scouring for ever going on in her house, her poor husband is scarcely left a quiet corner or a tranquil moment for his mental labours."

Poor Susette! She pines for her mountains, and her spouse pines for the sympathy and companionship she cannot give him. Then Madeline appears on the scene—a brilliant, beautiful, and intellectual woman, but also bad and unscrupulous. This is how the professor tells Schartel of his discovery:—

"One glorious evening, I stood upon a peak of the Wengern-alps, to gaze on the lofty Jungfrau, with its glaciers and summit, lit up by the purple and gold of the setting sun. The grandeur and sublime loneliness of the scene filled me with extasy. A strain of music floated by. I turned—not fifty paces from me, on a mountain peak, stood a majestic female form, robed in white. The sun threw its crimson glory round her like a mantle. The face, half turned to the mountain, showed the noble profile, clearly defined against the blue sky, and her long golden locks waved in the wind. In her hand was a golden lyre, over which her fingers wandered in a strange, sweet music. Suddenly she struck it with bolder force—it seemed a hymn to nature and her mysteries! and she looked like the spirit of the Jungfrau herself, come forth to contemplate her own queenly beauty. I gazed at this glorious vision on her mountain pedestal till my eyes grew dazzled; but she only looked upon the Jungfrau, and struck the chords of her lyre fainter and fainter, till the great red orb sunk at last; and then all was still. Indescribably beautiful was her attitude at that moment, with her lyre resting on her arm after the antique manner, and her eyes lifted to heaven."

Schartel remonstrates with him in a very wise way about his passion for this attractive woman, but with no further effect than a brief hesitation before he sends away the "Swiss peasant to her mountains," and takes steps to obtain a divorce. One of the most pathetic passages in the book is that which describes the return of Susette, with her brother and child, to see whether the Schartels could do anything for her towards a reunion with her husband. The simplicity and naturalness of her own story are perfectly beautiful; and the subsequent scene, when she goes with the child to see her husband, and makes the most touching appeal to his old sympathies, is no less so.

Another friend of Schartel's, and one who holds an important place in the story, is Everhard. He is nicknamed "the Substance,"

* The First Temptation; or, "Eritis sicut Deus." A Philosophical Romance. Translated from the German by Mrs. William R. Wilde. Newby.

and prides himself on his "passivity." Elizabeth describes him as—

"The drollest looking creature imaginable; short, thick, stumpy, as broad as he is long, and yet with the thinnest little legs in the world, that seem to totter under him. Then, one eye squints; still, one can't help liking him. He is of high family, but lately he confided to me, in the most mysterious manner, that he would rather have been the son of a baker; for 'to throw in the leaven and watch the dough rising, was the sole important work in the world, and he envied every baker's boy he saw. Besides, a baker was busy the whole day, and all his works were good and useful. He was the sustainer of daily life; the growth of humanity depended upon him; the world could not exist without him. His father indeed was a baker, but of a very useless sort—he kneaded up a tough dough, called philosophy; and the leaven was bitter enough, and by no means nourishing. He never heard of any one being the better or stronger for it.'"

He was the jester of the little circle, and was a good musician. He liked to dash into a solemn discussion with a Swiss melody, and to interrupt mirth by a funeral dirge; "but especially he exulted in interrupting some grand transcendentalisms of Madeline's by a common waltz." Once when Elizabeth was in a feverish and painfully agitated condition from ill health, loneliness, and the reading of Hoffman's tales, Robert sent for Everhard. He came, "opened the piano, and stormed over the keys, raging through the most horrible discords," the poor invalid on the sofa trembling the while.

"Still the performer never changed his style. The discord of hell seemed his theme, with its weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and peals of demon laughter. But gradually the sounds softened, the discords travelled on through plaintive minors to harmony; full, mellow tones rolled along the chords, and swelled, by degrees, into a hymn of triumph.

"Robert sat by his wife, holding her hand. As the soothing influence of the music came over her, the tears gathered slowly in her large open eyes; then Robert drew her gently to his arms, and she sobbed, and wept upon his bosom. He spoke no word, only let her lie there and weep. And ever softer and lower became the music; and ever calmer and stiller the weeping one, till at length she lay quite still and calm; the evil spirit had left her, and she slept."

Of Bertram, Baron von Schussen, the enthusiastic young painter, of whom much deserves to be said, we must say least of all. He sees in Elizabeth the realization of the Madonna of Perugino, before which he had "lain prostrate for hours in ecstasy of adoration." She sees in him all that she had only dreamed of finding in Schartel; but she conquers her love, though she cannot quench it. And when the shock and tumult of life's storm is over for her, and she lies calmly down to die on the cottage bed, Everhard and Bertram are beside her. Everhard plays a hymn, and then the *Magnificat* of Palestrina; Elizabeth smiles, says "I hear the Angels singing," and sinks back to die.

"Everhard held one hand of the dead, and looked up to Heaven with tearful eyes, as if following the freed spirit's flight; but the Baron held the other clasped to his bosom, and bent his head over it and wept; and silently renewed the vow by which he consecrated himself to the faith in which Elizabeth died, that so he might meet her again in Heaven.

"Like Goethe, he had a horror of seeing what he loved consigned to the cold earth. With difficulty they forced him away from the lifeless, though still beautiful form; but the Pastor's gentle words calmed the delirium of his agony at last, and led him to look up from the unsouled clay to the glorified and ever living spirit of her he loved—safe by the throne of God!

"The Baron planted a rose and a lily upon her grave, but Everhard, a tree of life.

"The old peasant and his daughter promised to watch over the flowers; and year by year the rose and the lily blossomed, and the tree of life grew statelier and stronger."

Leaving the other characters of the tale unnamed even, we have only to add that we think the absence of any exemplar of a noble, reasonable, and strong religious faith and life, a very grave defect in the story, and almost, if not quite, enough to defeat the purpose with which it has been written; inasmuch as it leaves the reader almost exclusively in the very society, and under the very influences which it is desired to counteract. The opinions and sentiments of the so-called philosophers are uttered so freely, clearly, and repeatedly, with so much unseemly jesting, frivolity, and profaneness, that they can hardly fail to fix themselves in the mind of many a reader who would not be touched by them if presented in the grave form of a treatise of Spinoza or Hegel. For this reason, and also on account of the scenes of passion, sometimes verging on the limits of decency, we feel bound to add that we cannot advise the indiscriminate introduction of "The First Temptation" into our English households.

MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES.*

In the reminiscences of his pastoral career Dr. Büchsel has given us a book which, like all works dealing with the affairs of life, and written by men of clear judgment and of earnest minds, is both interesting and instructive; not only to those who may be engaged in the task of teaching and preaching, but even to readers whose

* My Ministerial Experiences. By the Rev. Dr. Büchsel. London: A. Strahan & Co.

appetite for literature is so weak that it must be tempted and provoked by delicacies which it is commonly the duty of writers of fiction to provide. It must be a very sickly appetite which will not enjoy this book; for it relates to feelings and wants which are within the experience of all. The life of everyone has something in it which will furnish matter for an interesting narrative. What is wanting is the power to describe it. But the life of one whose duties have brought him into intimate contact with his fellow-creatures of all grades—not as an actor along with them in the drama of life, but as one who has the charge of their most important interests, and is bound by the most solemn of all obligations to watch and study them, to win their confidence and love, to be near them in their perils of soul and of body too, to consider their prejudices, their weakness, their vices, and their virtues must be rich in experience of the most moving interest. Human nature in all its developments is to him what material nature is to the botanist, the chemist, the geologist. But give him also the power of recording what he has observed, and what narrative, what comment, can be more interesting?

Dr. Büchsel possesses this power. His book is full of anecdote, often highly amusing, and always illustrative of the state of the Prussian Church and the relations subsisting between it and the people. These relations have improved of late years, but in the early part of Dr. Büchsel's career they were not edifying. In the first curacy he held he found it a task of the greatest difficulty to excite any interest amongst the parishioners in the services of the church. They were badly attended; the school wretchedly. The congregation was listless, and could not be roused by all the young curate's efforts. When he tried to win their sympathies by visiting them at their homes, they were astonished at so unusual a proceeding. On one occasion, observing that a rustic whom he had not before seen in church, came for several successive Sundays, but always slept through the service, he went up to him in the churchyard and asked him what motive he had for coming to church. The stranger replied, "There are too many flies in the house for a man to get his rest, but in the church it's fine and cool; in winter there's never any need why I should come." Out of the whole population of the village, which was a large one, only four men were regular attendants; and the reply he received from an old soldier to his complaint about this miserable attendance was that church-going, Bible-reading, and grace before meals had quite gone out of fashion. It could hardly be otherwise. The people, in devoting themselves wholly to their worldly affairs, only followed the example of their pastors. "In the parsonage," writes Dr. Büchsel, "we very rarely had any clerical visitors. I remember, indeed, a few being invited on one occasion, but not one word was said of our holy office, nor any anxiety expressed about our congregations, while it was discussed with utmost eagerness whether the dozen and a quarter of eggs that the farmers had to pay to the pastors meant fifteen or sixteen. Custom had been in favour hitherto of the more liberal interpretation, but certain farmers were now beginning to give only fifteen. In like manner we had much controversy as to the proper measure of corn due, and many complaints of the quality of that which the farmers now brought in. It was customary at that time to play cards in most parsonages, and many a minister was little scrupulous in choosing his partner, so only the right number could be made up. Brandy, too, was freely drunk, and sometimes in excess, so that terrible rumours used to circulate among the parishioners." "For a gentleman to read his Bible, or a pastor to show any signs of piety, was considered," Dr. Büchsel tells us, "a disgrace."

"The great cry against the Pietists, as religious men were then called, was, that they judged and condemned other people; and upon one occasion, when I had been preaching upon the narrow way and the strait gate, my old pastor was a good deal disquieted, and found much fault with me. He was of opinion that all men were to be ultimately saved, for that God was too merciful to doom any man to eternal punishment. As to what he found in the Bible about hell and everlasting torment, such passages were, he opined, mere Eastern allegories, which a more enlightened reason was unable to accept. As to the infinite mercy of God manifested in the forgiveness of those who believe in Christ, he did not in the least apprehend it, because he looked upon the sacrifice of the Lord for us as a mere Judaizing doctrine, which had become quite obsolete. The yearning for companionship with those who understood me, and believed as I did in the real Godhead of the Saviour, often led me to the cottage of the old thatcher and the side of the old sacristan. The thatcher loved to speak of his father and mother, and of a pious tailor now fallen asleep; but his special spiritual food was old Spangenberg and Porst's hymn-book. The sacristan I found more reserved upon these subjects, but I had often remarked that every Wednesday he went to town, and returned very late; and when I asked him what the urgent business was that led him there, since even when he was sick he went all the same, he replied by asking whether I would accompany him, saying he went to visit good people, whom I had already seen in church. I accepted his offer, and we drove off together. About eight o'clock in the evening he took me to the house of an old schoolmaster, with whose name I was familiar. We entered a large room where a few men and women, sitting on low benches, were already assembled, but not a word was said. Others kept silently dropping in for a while, and then the master of the house rose, gave out a few lines of a hymn, which were sung in very suppressed tones, and so on till it was finished. Then all fell upon their knees, and the old schoolmaster poured out a prayer which went to my heart. After that a sermon was read. Another prayer and hymn concluded the service, and silently and privately as it had assembled the meeting broke up, the members shaking hands as they parted. This was my first acquaint-

ance with the conventicle, which was at that time more vehemently denounced and decried than vice and open sin. On our way back I sat silently by the side of the old sacristan, whose parting words to me were, 'At all events you will not betray me.'"

Numerous are the instances of unbelief and aversion to religious practice which Dr. Büchsel relates in his book. He tells a story of a minister who applied for a certain living. After he had preached his probationary sermon, the patron invited him to dine at the castle. Seeing that he was not asked to say grace, he clasped his hands together under the table, bowed his head, and said it to himself. After dinner the patron called him aside and said, "I like open dealing, and therefore I tell you plainly that I remember nothing to find fault with in your sermon, but your departure from the customs of my family gives me much concern. What is to be done—since I am accustomed to be on friendly terms with the pastor, and often to ask him to dinner—what is to be done if your habits stir questions in my home circle, the solution of which disturbs the peace of the house?" The pastor's grace before meat lost him the living. Another story is told at page 208 of a minister who selected Easter Day to preach a sermon against the resurrection of the body. One of his hearers called upon him afterwards to ask if he had rightly understood him, and found him playing cards. The minister threw him a groschen and said, "Go your way, and buy a rope and hang yourself, and then you'll know all about the resurrection, and, if you can, come back and tell me." Again, there are some incidents narrated which sound odd enough in English ears. Dr. Büchsel in his first year's labour as a curate was particularly anxious to stir the feelings of the people, and for this purpose took great pains in the composition of his sermons. Of one of his early sermons he says:—

"I chose this subject: Good succeeding evil: first comes sorrow for sin, then faith; first the strife, then the victory; first the cross, then the crown. It appeared to me that the people were a little more attentive than usual; but no sooner had I finished my last sentence, than up rose the old pastor, who went to the altar and began—'From the mouth of a young and inexperienced man you have indeed heard that good succeeds evil, but I for my part tell you that evil succeeds good; for after youth comes age; after life, death; after joy, sorrow.' And then he proceeded to paint the misery of mankind in such vivid colours, and so completely from the life, that the whole congregation was roused, and the women wept aloud. As for me, I felt indeed a good deal annoyed, to think that my whole discourse, the result of a whole week's hard labour, should be thus nullified; but at the same time I saw that there was, after all, some way of getting at these people. The old sacristan afterwards observed, 'That's the diet for them.' As to the gospel, the true source of comfort, there was not a hint of that. The discourse ended with the funeral procession and the grave,—not one word was spoken of the higher life beyond."

Similar interruptions, even on the part of members of the congregation, do not appear to have been unfrequent. A certain pastor gave great offence to an old farmer by continually preaching that "Virtue and uprightness are the way to Heaven." The farmer entreated him to put aside this aphorism as unsound; but one Sunday, hearing the pastor repeat it, he rose and cried in a loud voice, "Brethren, do not believe this; you may be lost with your virtue and uprightness; Christ's blood and righteousness are the way to Heaven!" Again, we have an instance of an old soldier, patron of a living which Dr. Büchsel held for a time, who, when anything in the sermon displeased him, would go up to the altar and address the congregation, criticising the objectionable passages, and concluding in these words, "One has said this (he never spoke in the first person), as patron of the church and parish." Possibly, with other reforms, this inconvenient practice has been got rid of. But, though speaking generally, Dr. Büchsel sees great improvement in the Church upon its state in the early days of his ministry; he still finds much to regret. "The Evangelical Church," he writes, "troubles itself little about its candidates, and sends them into active service too often ignorant of what that service requires. When once they have passed their theological examinations well, they have done with all further study. Then come thoughts about marriage, furnishing their house, managing their land, and so forth. And thus it is that so many sink deep in earthly cares, in debt and embarrassment, and their first love dies down all too soon, and their spirit's wings are clipped, and, in spite of their early aspirations, they come to think about their own income more than the souls of their flock." In Prussia, as in England, the value of livings varies from a very small sum to a large one—from 300 thalers (about £45), to 3,000. Clergymen with families are thus reduced to great straits; and though the Evangelical Church does not enjoin marriage, Dr. Büchsel tells us that students and candidates often think of marrying before they have a prospect of a cure.

"Much has been written and spoken against these premature engagements, but I too well know that it has been in vain. Those whom we would warn do not hear or read the counsel, and if they did, they would not act upon it, for man is seldom made wise by the experience of others. It is, however, a lamentable thing enough an engagement of years to an unplaced candidate. The poor bride-elect grows old and spirit-broken; her betrothed resorts to many and many a humiliating expedient on the chance of obtaining a living, and his disappointed hopes embitter him against patrons and authorities, and too often against the providence of God. In fact, these engagements have become themes for general ridicule. There are candidates who have had to wait six, seven, ten years, nay, I knew one who had been

engaged five-and-twenty years. At last he got a cure. For years the betrothed pair had not met. Each had grown white-headed, and marvelled at the change time had made in the other. It often happens that these imprudent engagements have to be given up, and then come heart-wounds, hard to heal and apt to break out again. Sensible parents cannot indeed prevent their daughters from falling in love, but they will not give their consent to a formal engagement unless there is some prospect of a marriage. A candidate who falls into a habit of love-making, and contracts one attachment after another, is not fit to have any house of his own, least of all a parsonage, and patrons should be slow to appoint him even if the engaged lady herself comes forward to plead the cause."

We should be glad to dwell at greater length upon this most interesting book; but want of space forbids us. We have touched only a few salient points; besides which there is much practical wisdom in Dr. Büchsel's work, which commends it to attention. And while it is written with a due sense of the importance of its subject, almost every page is lightened by some characteristic anecdote, often amusing, and always giving the book a life-like interest.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.*

THERE can be no question about the ability with which this novel is written. From the first page to the last the reader's attention is held, either by the skilful working out of the plot or a very careful development of character. We may object that the title is not the best that could have been chosen, and our faith is somewhat taxed by the device which gives their interest to the leading events of the story. Parish registers have been tampered with; but the pasting of a new sheet over the old one with false entries, designed to persuade a lady that, at the time her late husband married her, his first wife was alive, is rather an improbable story, and leads us to conclude that the writer has never seen a parish register, and is not aware that such a piece of deceit, involving a discrepancy of four years between the fresh sheet and those on either side of it, would be simply impossible. It is by such a fraud, supported first by the forgery of receipts from the keeper of the lunatic asylum in which the first wife has been placed, dated subsequently to the marriage with the second, and next by suborning a companion to personate the keeper, that Lewis Hague gets the second Mrs. Rutter into his power, and gives rise to the most exciting incidents of the story.

But the fraud granted, all that follows is natural enough. Persecuted by Hague, the Rutter family find it necessary to leave England secretly, and take up their residence in an old château in the little town of St. Barbe, the only possession of Madame de Longueville, proud of her alliance with one of the ancient families of France. This lady, her château, and her friends, are admirably sketched, and give a faithful idea of the stagnant life of a faded noblesse, poor and proud, clinging to the formalities of rank when the substance has passed away, and shrinking from the contamination of industry. The author's description of Madame's little party, which she gives to enliven her English friends, is particularly happy:—

"We entered Madame de Longueville's *salon*, where an odour of coffee, a lustre of wax lights, and a subdued murmur of conversation, announced that Madame's guests were assembled. There were about a dozen persons present in the old-fashioned, low-roofed chamber, where Madame sat in state, surrounded by her friends. The room had probably been a boudoir or bedroom in the days of the Marquises of St. Barbe; but now, fitted up with a few handsome remains of the ancient furniture of the château, and decorated with lights and flowers, it was a by no means inelegant reception-room. The first impression made on me, upon entering the chamber, was, that I had never heard twelve persons talking in such a soft, modulated tone of voice, or beheld so many well fitting pairs of kid gloves amongst the same number of people in all my life. The suave manners, restrained voices, and elaborate courtesy of Madame's guests, were truly overpowering. Such an atmosphere of courtly politeness carried one back to the days of powder, patches, and periwigs."

Such was the company. But what was the entertainment provided for the English visitors? Not cards, nor music, nor dancing. At a signal from Madame de Longueville, the servant "removed the silver coffee-urn and the delicate porcelain cups from the little table in the centre, and placed thereon a shaded reading-lamp, a glass of sugared water, and a couple of volumes handed to him by Monsieur de Bois-sec":—

"It was then announced by Madame herself, seated in her velvet chair of state, that Monsieur de Bois-sec, 'whose gifts of rhetoric and poetic taste were well known to all her friends,' had undertaken to read aloud selections from the *Iphigénie* of Racine, for their amusement this evening; at which announcement, a soft murmur of applause flowed around, and Monsieur de Bois-sec—a spare old gentleman in a puce-coloured coat, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a very unmistakable wig—got up, and seated himself at the table in the centre of the room."

"Forthwith, the soft voices and subdued flow of conversation ceased. Monsieur de Bois-sec opened the book, turned up the lamp, sipped his sugared water, and began—

'Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille,'

in a voice, which, if not exactly that of the commander-in-chief of the

* A First Friendship. Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*. In one volume. Parker, Son, & Bourn.

Grecian army, was not without a certain pompous dignity and theatrical effect, in keeping with the stiff, classical style of Racine. The attention of Monsieur de Bois-sec's auditors was profound. For half an hour, perfect silence reigned in the little *salon*, the points and beauties of the dialogue being only marked by mute expressions of approval. At the end of that time, Mademoiselle Victorine began to yawn behind her handkerchief, and look as if she wished the winds in Aulis would change their quarter, and set Iphigénie and the Greek ships free. Rutter, too, began to grow impatient; for, to tell the truth, Monsieur de Bois-sec's reading, if appropriate, was monotonous, and the effect of it was to make you feel that rhymed verse conducted to lowness of spirits and nervous sensations in the calf of the leg. Thus, it was a decided relief to certain of the audience, when Monsieur de Bois-sec at last reached the end of the second act, and laid down the book. While Monsieur refreshed himself with sugared water, and received the congratulations and thanks of his friends, Mademoiselle Victorine and Kate discussed with Rutter and myself, in one corner of the room, the success of the entertainment."

The Mademoiselle Victorine mentioned in this extract is Madame's granddaughter, and it is in working out the character of this clever, beautiful, and heartless girl, that the author has bestowed the greatest pains, producing a highly finished portrait. Nothing can be more subtle than her perception of the right thing to be done or the right word to be spoken to effect her object; nothing more perfect than the effect with which she utilizes her opportunities. While she plays for the heart of the rich young Englishman, she has to pacify a fiery Monsieur Sabreton, with whom she has compromised herself. Though his mother, sister, and friend mistrust and dislike her, she coils herself round young Rutter with a serpent fascination from which there is no escape, and which is complete, without any apparent design or effort upon her part. She knows that his friend Hamilton penetrates her heartlessness; but even when he has discovered proofs of her dealings with Sabreton, in the midnight meeting at which, unseen, he has been present, she foils him by confiding the story to Rutter, giving it her own colour with an air of candour which conceals her falsehood.

"From the hour when Victorine's beauty first struck me, I had felt a presentiment of what would follow. But it was only of late that I had admitted it to my own mind, as a thing to be reasoned and reflected upon. I sickened at the picture my fancy drew. Victorine was false-hearted and wicked. I knew it by other proofs than instinct. I had not watched this beautiful panther all these months without detecting the subtle, cruel nature that lurked under that fair skin and graceful form.

"Mademoiselle de Longueville was no more capable of understanding a love like Rutter's, than a mermaid of returning the affection of a human being. And yet this mermaid, with her spells and charms, so like the true graces of the womanhood she counterfeited, had got fast hold of a man's heart, strong, tender, and true, and had but to hold up her finger, or beckon with her mirror, and he would plunge down into the depths of the treacherous sea whither she would lure him."

It is a drawback on the portion of the plot in which this lady plays her part, that we are never allowed to doubt that she will run down the game she has started. From the moment we learn that she has marked Rutter for her victim, we see only the process by which she entangles him in the toils of her fascination. If there was ever a probability of doubt as to the result, it is at an end as soon as we have read the sentences above quoted. We question, too, whether a man of Rutter's firm disposition and sound intellect would so easily fall a victim to a girl so cruelly heartless. Good sense and clear judgment are essential qualities of manly character; and it is at least not in youth that such men become the dupes of feminine intrigue. But whether we are right or wrong in this opinion, the author is entitled to the highest praise for the force with which he describes the sequel of the elopement. Victorine's flying from her lover when he is stricken with smallpox; the absorbing selfishness and vanity which mark her every movement, from that moment till she re-appears after Rutter's death as the wealthy Madame la Baronne de Schinderhannes, are true to the life; and, contrasted with the faith of the noble heart which has sacrificed everything for her sake, form a picture not very uncommon in the world of reality.

LAMPS OF THE CHURCH.*

THE burning and shining lights in this collection are forty in number. The names of eight of them have long since been enrolled in the annals of fame, and their lives and writings are familiar to all who are conversant with the literature of their age. They are Cowper, Archdeacon Paley, Henry Kirke White, Charles Wolfe, John Mason Good, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Then we have William Wilberforce, with some salient extracts from the biographies written by his sons and Sir James Stephen; Lady Powerscourt, Mary Jane Graham and Helen Plumptre, Admiral Parry, two captains and a major, Professor Turner, Chancellor Raikes, Judge Blosset and John Bowdler, together with twenty clergymen whose memoirs have already been published.

Mr. Clissold does not even profess to give a summary account of the career, character, and compositions of each of these worthies. If he had done so his work would have been interesting, yet it

* Lamps of the Church; or, Rays of Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the Lives and Deaths of some Eminent Christians of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, M.A. Rivingtons.

would have contained much that is already familiar to most readers. He exhibits his portraits in one light only—that of eternity, not of time; he shows them as they appeared, or as he believes them to have appeared, in the sight of God,—not in that of their fellow-men. He gives copious extracts from their letters and diaries, and records their pious observations, but commemorates very few events in their history. He adopts them as texts on which to preach sermons of which, whatever be the text, the substance is always the same. A certain degree of monotony prevails throughout the series, and the lesson inculcated by the exhibition of each "Lamp," though in itself the most sublime and salutary of all lessons, does not become the more impressive by mere repetition. The efficacy of the Atonement, and the blessedness of faith in it, are points on which no Christian entertains the shadow of a doubt; yet the editor of "Lamps of the Church" (for he modestly declines the dignity of author) insists on these truths with all the earnestness of a teacher who is enforcing some new doctrine which his hearers as yet but dimly understand.

In comparing the title-page with the contents of this volume, the reader will naturally inquire in what sense the term "eminent Christians" is to be understood? If, by that expression, be meant Christians distinguished for their secular attainments, why is it applied to such persons as the Rev. John Cowper, brother of the poet; Dr. Maclaine, a minister of the English church at the Hague, who translated "Mosheim;" the Rev. William Goode, rector of St. Andrew, Wardrobe, and St. Anne, Blackfriars; Judge Blossett; Wilberforce Richmond, a youth, and son of the Rev. Legh Richmond; Helen Plumptre, authoress of some posthumous letters; Chancellor Raikes; and others as little known to fame? If "eminent Christians" signifies men of exalted piety, why are Paley, Coleridge, and Bishop Blomfield included under this category? They were all, no doubt, estimable personages, and sincere believers in Christianity; but the bishop did not reach or aim at a higher standard than the rest of his episcopal brethren; the "venerable" author of the "Evidences" (who was dearly fond of a rubber) possessed as much of the *savoir vivre* as most men, and was what would be called by many "a jolly parson;" while Coleridge was a noble poet, and no mean philosopher, but neither in the poetry, metaphysics, nor conversation of the "old man eloquent" did the celestial altogether outshine the earthly element. If "eminent" be used by Mr. Clissold in a vague way, intended to oscillate between intellectual and spiritual superiority, and apply equally to either, still it may be asked, Why does he class Bishop Barrington and Major Vandeleur among "eminent Christians?" Is it not enough to say that they were endowed with fair abilities, and fought the good fight, one in his diocese and the other in his regiment? Distinctions awarded to individual Christians on the ground of superior piety, are generally misplaced, always arbitrary; and if we could fairly balance the advantages and disadvantages, personal and circumstantial, which attend them, we should probably find that they are all pretty much on a level as regards goodness. Of this, also, we may be certain, that the "rays of faith, hope, and charity" emitted by the "Lamps of the Church" are common to all whose Christianity is real, and that the experiences, prayers, and ejaculations which Mr. Clissold records are those of every Christian heart, and not (as his numberless italics and capitals would seem to imply) the inspirations, as it were, of a few.

One of the most pleasing of the biographical sketches under review is that of the celebrated Oriental scholar, Dr. Buchanan. The following anecdote of him is worth extracting, since it exemplifies admirably the tone of mind in which a critical study of Scripture should be carried on:—

"A short time only before his decease, while entering into some details respecting a last revise of his Syriac version, he stopped suddenly, and burst into tears. His friend was somewhat alarmed. When he had recovered himself, he said, 'Do not be alarmed, I am not ill; but I was completely overcome by the recollection of the delight which I had enjoyed in this exercise. At first I was disposed to shrink from the task as irksome, and apprehended that I should find even the Scriptures pall by the frequency of this critical examination. But so far from it, every fresh perusal seemed to throw fresh light on the Word of God, and to convey additional joy and consolation to my mind.'"

FINE ARTS.

THE REJECTED OF THE ACADEMY.

As regularly as the Exhibition comes each year do we hear of the number of pictures rejected; that many of these have sufficient merit to have gained admission is the general opinion, and probably we should be safe, at least, in concluding that some good pictures are rejected every year. Those who remember the Free Exhibition, as it was called, which afterwards developed into the Institute of the Fine Arts, with a very fair annual exhibition as a sort of supplement to all the others, will perhaps not have forgotten several excellent pictures then exhibited amongst those which had been condemned by the Council of the Royal Academy. There was Mr. Rossetti's picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin,"—a work remarkable for a certain peculiar beauty, belonging to an early style; and a large historical picture, "The Penance of Jane Shore," by a painter whose name we forget, besides several good landscapes by the Percy and Gilbert fraternity. So remarkable were these instances, that the Portland Gallery was at once established in

public favour, and many artists were apparently quite satisfied to send their pictures and pay according to a regular scale for their exhibition. So long as this institution existed we heard less of the rejected pictures at the Academy; but it expired last year, and this may account for an increase in the number of rejected pictures. Remembering, however, the many square feet of damaged canvas that were long exhibited at the Portland Gallery, we have nothing to regret in the loss of such an Institute of the Fine Arts as that. Still, the exhibition always contained some few really superior works, which would have done honour to the Academy exhibition, and the question naturally arose as to why they were not sent there. The answer of the painters would have been simply that they knew their pictures would be rejected. Now it happens this year that the Academy, although provided with increased space, obtained by the alteration in their rooms, have rejected many pictures, and some of them the works of artists of repute. The artists would have done well if they had combined to exhibit their pictures; but better than this, their cause has been taken up by the Cosmopolitan Club—a society which, judging by the list of names, is not likely to misdirect its influence, and a collection of some thirty pictures is now to be seen hung round the walls of their room in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. By invitation we have seen these pictures, and will endeavour to speak of them with the same impartiality as if they had hung upon the walls of the Academy, where, we have no hesitation whatever in saying, they should have been. Of course in saying this we are taking as a standard those pictures chiefly by Academicians which occupy the best places on the line. Taking the figure subjects first, we notice a picture called "Ishmael Mocking," by Mr. J. B. Bedford, an artist whose picture of "Elijah Restoring the Widow's Son" last year was so highly approved by the Academicians that they hung it precisely where Mr. Herbert's "Judith" hangs now. The boy Ishmael, of the dark Egyptian race, is represented swinging by a rope of the tent, under which is seated Sarah, holding on her knees the infant Isaac, while Hagar, standing behind, holds a fan of ostrich feathers over the head of Sarah, and encourages her boy in his scoffing at his half-brother. The Ishmael is a very original figure, admirably well painted in a rich tone of colour; and the Hagar, though little more than the face is shown, is equally well painted. The figure of Sarah, though showing the same good painting, is out of proportion to the other figures, and the head is not of the Chaldean type; the little naked Isaac is a too close study from a very ugly model baby. We should fancy Mr. Bedford has not visited the East, from the want of a true character in his picture, but he shows so much original and genuine feeling for subjects of sacred history that he ought to follow Mr. Goodall's example, and study the people of old, as they still live in all the primitive habits of the patriarchs. To compare this picture with a similar work lying upon the line we should mention 340, "The Holy Family returned from Egypt," by Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.

It was not to be expected that a pre-Raphaelite so determined as Mr. Hughes should have been spared the blow from the three academicians who formed "the Hanging Committee" this year, and whose feeling is known to be very strong against this particular heresy. Mr. Hughes's principal work, which must have absorbed his attention for many months, a picture which, after the manner of his sect, he names "La belle Dame sans merci," was turned away, and now finds a place amongst these pictures at the Cosmopolitan. The subject, taken from Keats, is the knight led astray by a beautiful syren to the fatal lake where her victims like ghosts float upon the water. She sits in his saddle, while the spell-bound warrior stands by his horse with his shield at his back ready to follow where she bids. The knight, the horse, and the lady are all painted in that elaborate manner which the school affect; there is no denying the excellence of this work, mistaken as is the aim of all such art. The same hard-handed realism is felt throughout the deep green foliage of the wood and the sedge bank, and the colour is far too chromatic to be harmonious; still, as a representative work, in our opinion, it ought to have had its place in the Academy Exhibition. Mr. Henry Holiday, with the feeling of the party for mystery and deep meaning, paints with a healthier sense of beauty. His rejected work is a kind of allegory typifying the relation of the Church and the world, under the form of the bride in the Solomon's Song, who is shown walking in the shade of a wood and met by a party of very richly dressed and pretty maidens whom we take to represent this wicked world. There is very little of the ascetic in this work, and much that is to be admired in the expression of the heads in the good study and the agreeable tone of colour. As the work of a young painter bearing the unmistakeable signs of genuine faculty it must have been either prejudice or careless oversight that led to its being rejected. Let the comparison be made between this picture and Mr. Hart's (R.A.) somewhat allegorical work, called "Music" (60), hung on the line in the great room. Miss Osborn, as one of our most distinguished lady painters, deserved better than to have her largest and cleverest picture refused admission. This is also a very interesting work, representing a game or festival of Spinnstube, played by the wool spinners of Mardorf, in Kur-Hessen. The girls spin while the young men smoke, and if any one breaks the thread her distaff may be snatched away, and she cannot recover it without paying the forfeit of a kiss. Miss Osborn has painted the scene with excellent character and pleasant humour, although her touch and colour have more force than sweetness and beauty.

Mr. W. B. Crosby has a picture here which we should have thought would have found a friend in Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A.,

it is so similar in style and work to that artist's comic production, "The Census" (79 in the great room), garnished in the catalogue with the elegant extract from the "Cook's Companion," "I never did tell nobody, and I shan't tell nobody." Mr. Crosby paints with even a dryer humour than Mr. Landseer, and his pallet is equally proof against anything so sensuous as rich colour; but in hard and prosy precision over a common-place subject, there is not much to choose between the two painters, and therefore we think Mr. Crosby's picture, "The First Scrape," might have been hung next to "The Census."

Mr. G. D. Leslie, as the son of a famous academician, might certainly have had a place for a clever little work of two little boys in old costume, playing at tournament with toymen at arms, and being initiated in the arts of war by an old seneschal as their nurse stands by. We question whether this does not show more the bent of the young painter than his large and very good picture, "The War Summons" (716). Mr. P. R. Morris deserved some consideration for his picture, rather whimsical and fanciful as it is called, "Where they Crucified Him." The idea of this appears to be to typify the apostles and St. John, under the form of some little children who have come to Calvary, and are watching a man taking down the cross, while they show one another the nails; the little St. John turning towards his mother, who tends some sheep and appears calling to him. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's "Escape of a Jacobite from a Ship at Sea" is the only other subject picture to be mentioned. This is a work of small pretensions, though by no means a bad picture. Mr. W. B. Scott, who painted an important series of large pictures illustrative of English commerce and civilization for Sir Walter Trevelyan's Hall, Northumberland, is amongst the good painters of the rejected. His picture is a very original one, and indeed we doubt if it has ever been painted before. It is a view taken from the *façade* of St. Mark at Venice, and showing the four antique bronze horses as they stand above the centre doorway.

Mr. H. Moore at least exhibits in a large landscape a perception of the beauty of skies which we may search for in vain amongst the landscapes of the Academy Exhibition. For general appreciation of landscape art, his view of Albury Heath, Surrey, possesses unusual merit. Mr. J. Bunney as a water-colour painter would certainly not have had his drawings sent back to him if he had offered them at the Exhibitions of the Water-colour Societies. Mr. W. Ascroft's interesting little picture of "Sunset on the Thames at Chelsea" should have been accepted on its great merit of true and brilliant colouring, even if it had not the interest of being taken from the very house in which Turner studied to the last, when he was carried from his garret-bed to the roof to see the last glory of the sky he looked upon in life. Mr. H. Davis, Mr. G. Mason, Mr. C. P. Aston, Mr. J. W. Inchbold, Mr. P. Boyce, have all more or less cause of complaint, for their pictures, though small, have evidently been well studied from nature, and, compared with many exhibited at the Academy, will be found decidedly preferable.

Mr. M'Callum has two of his minutely-painted landscapes hung in the Academy, and therefore he has less cause to complain of the rejection of his very clever picture of forest trees in the Great Park at Windsor seen in winter sunshine with every branch and twig striking sharp against the dark sky. There is a trickiness and of course an uninteresting sameness in works of this kind, which we have no objection to see snubbed occasionally. Mr. M'Callum is a painter of so much perseverance and good power of hand that he ought to get out of the rut in which he has been labouring so long.

Mr. J. G. Naish has a *specialité* for rock painting; so has Mr. E. W. Cook, A.R.A., and both artists choose to study the landscape from what we might call a geologico-mineralogico-microscopical point of view. That their works are not remarkable for feeling is not to be wondered at; they are pretty much what Sir Charles Lyell would show us if he used the brush instead of the pen. Mr. Naish sends two pictures to the Academy, one a large view of the "Valley of Rocks," near Lynton, the other a small study of a "Fisher girl;" the landscape was refused, the little study appears in the exhibition. The absurd error in Mr. Naish's rock painting is that the material is always the same purple brown colour, whether it is to represent the granite of Cornwall or the limestone of North Devon. Then his grass is always as brilliant as a salad, while the sea is ultra-marine with a vengeance. We must do him the justice, however, to say that his rejected picture is certainly one of his best. If pictures are so mistaken in their aim as to be unworthy, and if they attempt a realism impossible to attain, then we may ask why Mr. Redgrave, R.A., tries to paint in the same way, and why he fails. Yet his picture, "Strayed lambs," occupies the line. Had Mr. Brett's pictures, which are constructed upon the same principle, been here as they should have been, in justice to the cause of the rejected pictures, we should have been able to notice them; but as they have only been seen in the artist's private room, we are not called upon to give an opinion. We must, however, express our agreement in the general feeling of dissatisfaction at the pointed exclusion of Mr. Brett's pictures from the Academy. We imagine that the Academy are not entitled to assume exactly the position of censors in art, so far as the exhibition is concerned, for the reason that the gallery is lent to them upon public grounds, and in consideration of the patronage and encouragement thus afforded to art and artists. Their function is, in their public capacity, to provide impartially such an exhibition as fairly represents the condition of art amongst us, and not to play judge and executioner without a jury. We see now by these condemned pictures that the academicians are disposed to prejudge certain works and to put down

certain unorthodox opinions. If they were infallible themselves, and did not place pictures before us which are simply contemptible as works of art, we might consent to approve what they praise, and re-condemn their victims. We have, for example, seen good come out of the pre-Raphaelite heresy, and we believe that we are not alone in wishing to see each year what may be the growth or development of that peculiar tendency of the artist mind which has certainly found a very wide sympathy. For our own part, we are amongst the very last to agree with Mr. Brett's ideal of a landscape, but we regard his pictures with great interest as expressing the extreme opinions of a class of artists. Hitherto the Council of the Academy have not been insensible to the public feeling in this respect, and we can see no reason for their disregarding it now. But if no more just and liberal sentiment is to animate the Academy than has been exercised this year, we shall expect to see all the private pique and animosity of the old days at work again. But even before the present Academy existed there was more fairness shown by the old chartered Society of Artists of 1765, who had a very good rule "that any person may appeal from the determination of the hanging committee to a general meeting, to be held three days before the opening of the exhibition." Neither question nor appeal from the decision of the present Academy is permitted. Something of this kind, however, will have to be adopted if such gross injustice continues to be shown to the artists and such concealed indifference is manifested to public opinion.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR Graziani re-appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, on Saturday, as Plumkett in Flotow's weak but inoffensive "Martha," an opera which, like some other mediocre works, owes its acceptance here partly to the interest of the book, and partly to an effective performance of music which scarcely deserves such aids. Signor Mario, as Lionel, would alone give an interest to even a worse work than "Martha." Of the lady who made her first appearance as Enrichetta, it is unnecessary to say more than that she will be replaced in the part by Madlle. Fioretti on the next performance of the opera this evening.

The debut of Madlle Artôt, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday, was a great and legitimate success. This young lady, who had previously been heard here as a concert singer, appeared as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento;" her performance of which is unquestionably the best, both dramatically and musically, since that of Jenny Lind. Madlle. Artôt possesses a voice of more than two octaves in compass, the upper notes of which are as brilliant as the lower tones are expressive and sympathetic. Her delivery of passages of force and execution was characterized by power, modified by refinement; while in the tender and plaintive portions, her pathos was earnest and touching. "Ciascun lo dice" was given with admirable archness and point, and the expressive air, "Convien partir," was a model of cantabile singing. The acting and bye-play of Madlle. Artôt were also excellent. The arch vivacity of the "Vivandière" was refined by an innate grace of manner that threw a charm over the whole performance. Madlle. Artôt's reception was as enthusiastic as it deserved to be, and there can be little doubt that she will become as great a favourite here as she has recently been with the principal continental audiences.

The programme of the fifth Philharmonic Concert on Monday last, was as follows:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia, No. 11 (Grand)	Haydn.	
Recit. and Aria, "With verdure clad," Mdle. Titiens (The Creation)	Haydn.	
Fantasia Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" (composed for the Philharmonic Society's Jubilee Concert)	W. S. Bennett.	
Aria, "Che pur aspro," Mdle. Titiens (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.	
Overture, Der Freischütz	Weber.	
PART II.		
Sinfonia in B flat.	Beethoven.	
Valse, "E strano poter," Madlle. Titiens (Faust)	Gounod.	
Overture, "Zampa"	Hérold.	

The Prince and Princess of Wales were again present on this occasion. The only approach to novelty at this concert was Professor Bennett's Fantasia Overture, which had been heard but once before, on its production last season. The term "Fantasia Overture" is somewhat paradoxical, since an overture has long since been considered to mean a piece of regular construction, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and a regularly recurring episode. The attempt to illustrate a narrative poem by detached musical phrases of instrumental music, having no constructive relation or coherence one with another, is scarcely calculated for success in concert-room performance. Music, and especially instrumental music, must disclose design, proportion, and development, or it can never possess more than the fragmentary interest of mere impromptu thought. Vocal music may charm, apart from its intrinsic merits, either by the words to which it is allied, or by the brilliancy or pathos of its execution. Such fragments as Professor Bennett's overture consists of might prove effective as dramatic illustrations, but even then they would require accompanying stage action. Haydn's Symphony is one of the least interesting of the "Saloman" set, while Beethoven's will always be worthy of comparison even with its composer's later and more elaborate

works. The two overtures presented a contrast as strong as it is possible to imagine between German *diablerie* and French supernaturalism: it is scarcely necessary to say of which the comparison is in favour. Mdle. Titiens sang with an energy and will that defied even the effects of a cold. In the song from the "Seraglio," the extraordinary compass and power of her voice enabled her to vanquish with ease those difficulties of execution which Mozart accumulated for the display of a special singer. Gounod's "valse" song, although elegant in style, gives but an inadequate idea of that composer's Faust music, which, however, there should soon be an opportunity of judging in its entirety, the work being promised at both opera-houses.

Herr Ernst Pauer's series of historical performances of pianoforte music will close on Monday. This gentleman merits the thanks of all amateurs of the pianoforte for the research with which he has brought together information respecting the composers whose styles he so admirably illustrates by his excellent playing. It might, perhaps, be objected that some of his specimens are drawn from composers who have had little or no influence on the development of the art; but this is a fault that is more easily pardoned than its opposite. Mr. Charles Hallé has also commenced a series of pianoforte recitals, which, however, have no historical purpose, but consist of miscellaneous selections from the best masters. Among recent concerts, those of Mr. Deacon, Herr Adolph Schloesser, and Mr. Charles Salaman deserve especial mention, on account of the merits of those gentlemen as sterling pianists and the substantial interest of their programmes.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir continues to maintain its high position, not only by its admirable performances but also by the solid value of the pieces selected. At the fifth concert, on Thursday, there were madrigals and glees by Morley, Wilbye, Horsley, Stevens, and Bishop; part-songs and motetts by Mendelssohn and Mr. Henry Leslie; besides solos by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mdle. Parepa, and pianoforte performances by Madame Arabella Goddard. We have previously noticed the refinement which Mr. Leslie's choristers have attained in their performances, and which seems to ripen with every successive hearing. This choir supplies what was for many years a want in musical London—a highly-finished execution of unaccompanied choral music.

SCIENCE.

THE ABBEVILLE JAW.

Of all the geological inquiries there is none so difficult as that now going on in respect to the antiquity of man. It is not only that in the deposits in which human remains occur organic remains of all sorts are usually very rare; miles of gravel country may be walked over, and this repeated for weeks or months—in some districts for years—without a single animal relic of any kind being met with; while in other places, it is true, osseous remains of former animals occur abundantly. It is not only that these later geological deposits, be they sands, gravels, or brick-earths, present conditions as difficult as the ordinary and older strata, and often, indeed, more difficult of interpretation, on the one hand from the contorted and disturbed nature of the beds, the effects possibly, of ice-action, or it may be the entire absence of stratification at all, and, on the other, from the quiescent formation of the brick-earths. On the one hand, we have clay and other deposits containing gigantic boulders of rocks dropped by ancient melting icebergs in their passage on ocean streams flowing once over lands that now are plotted into fields of waving corn; on the other, in the Loess, we have seemingly evidence of rainy seasons of equally extraordinary character. Not only are these later geological deposits so inosculating or running into each other, or joining on to each other at such nearly approximating levels as to render it most difficult to decide which is most ancient and which most recent, when we are deprived of that more palpable evidence of actual superposition which the older geological formations present; but all of them, being more or less superficial, especially so those in which human relics have been found, they are, from their proximity to the surface, so liable to disturbances and to have comminglings constantly and repeatedly taking place through the operations man is incessantly carrying on, as well as by natural causes, that there is consequently so much chance of error in their investigation as to inspire conscientious investigators with a real and unfeigned timidity. Moreover, although evidence of human remains may have been known for some thirty or forty years, there have been few workers in that portion of geology to which the beds containing them belong, partly because the fossils were rare, partly because they were large; they were very hard to find, very hard to carry when found, as any one who has had the good fortune after a week's mammoth-hunting to discover a five-foot-long thigh-bone of one of those ancient British elephants, can testify; very hard to dispose of when brought home. Shells will go into the neatest and prettiest of cabinets, and will form objects of social amusement; but it would not be so easy to hand about the skull and horns of a fossil ox, or to excite an interest in the strong teeth and jaws of the cave-bear or hyæna. The fossils of that era not being generally attractive, and the rewards of collectors so scanty, this portion of geology was greatly neglected. Moreover there was a natural repugnance, and still is, on the part of geologists to interfere with religious faith. Their duty is un-

biased to seek out truth; and it is unfair to accuse them of any desire to oppose the views of theologians, or to organize an attack on the Bible, because they will not undertake their investigations restricted by any special view. The question of man's antiquity was brought before the world before geologists were prepared to reply, and it will take fifteen or twenty years, in all probability, before they will be in a position rightly to answer it.

It will be remembered that in March last M. Boucher de Perthes, from the publication of whose "Antiquités Antediluviennes" the present controversy on the antiquity of man takes its date, announced the discovery of a fossil human jaw in the flint implement bearing gravel beds of Moulin-Quignon. Here, then, was a human jaw from the same deposits with the much discussed flint implements, and if geologists had wished to espouse any anti-biblical cause what more easy than to laudate the discovery and hold it forth as the proof? They have done no such thing. They have questioned in the closest possible manner the man who for thirty years has diligently sought for the relics of man's ancient existence in the gravel beds around his home. They doubted him when he first produced the rude stone relics of man's pristine works, and it was only on a just conviction, attained by rigid inquiry, that they admitted his discoveries then.

Again, when, after years of subsequent research, he produces a fragment of human bone from the scene of his former discoveries, they exhibit no more confidence than they did at first; they question the bone being ancient; they question the undisturbed state of the soil in which it is found; they question the integrity of the workmen; in short, they oppose strongly and stoutly the claims of the relic to recognition. Not only did Messrs. Prestwich and Evans, after an inspection, refuse to testify to the genuineness of the flint implements found with the jaw, but Dr. Falconer published, in the *Times*, his objections to admit its genuineness as a fossil relic, founding them chiefly on the circumstance that a molar tooth, believed to belong to the jaw and said to have been found beside it, had on being cut shown traces of gelatinous matter in the interior, and which occurrence Dr. Falconer considered was adverse to its recognition as a fossil. M. Quatrefages, Dr. Garrigou, and other eminent Frenchmen, supported M. Boucher de Perthes and gave their reasons, the former before the Paris Academy of Sciences, in its favour.

Under these circumstances, a congress of French and English scientific celebrities has been held at Abbeville, in the immediate vicinity of which is the site of the discovery, the party remaining there from the 11th to the 14th May to investigate the fossil or recent nature of this human jaw, and the really geological or the fictitious circumstances under which it was found. The savants who took part in this proper and meritorious discussion were M. Milne Edwards, member of the Institute, senior member of the Faculty of Sciences; M. de Quatrefages, member of the Institute, Professor of the Museum of Natural History; M. E. Lartet, member of the Geological Society of France; M. Delesse, Engineer of Mines, Professor of Geology at the Normal School; the Marquis de Vibray, member of the Institute; M. E. Hebert, Professor of Geology at Sorbonne; M. J. Desnoyer, member of the Institute, Librarian of the Museum of Natural History; the Abbé Bourgeois, Professor of Geology at the College of Pont-Levoy; Dr. Garrigou, member of the Geological Society of France; M. Albert Gaudry, Naturalist, of the Museum of Natural History; M. J. Delanoue, member of the Society of Antiquaries of France; Dr. Falconer, Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Geological Society; Mr. Joseph Prestwich, Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Geological Society; Professor Busk, Fellow of the Royal and other Societies, and Dr. Carpenter, Professor of Physiology at University College. The report of their proceedings was made on the 13th, and in it all the members of the congress united in the following conclusions: That the jaw found on the 28th March by M. Boucher de Perthes at Moulin-Quignon is really fossil, that it was extracted by M. Boucher de Perthes from a virgin undisturbed deposit, that the flint implements said to have been fabricated by the workmen are incontestably ancient.

The savants of both nations formed themselves into a deputation and waited on M. Boucher de Perthes, to announce the results of their deliberations, and to offer their congratulations.

"We cannot," says the *Abbevillois*, "applaud too highly the scrupulous care these men, so eminent, have brought to this interesting inquiry so important to our history, and confirming all that tradition has taught us of the Biblical Deluge and the existence of man at the epoch of the great cataclysm that has changed the surface of the earth. The English members of the commission, and we thank them for it, have shown a real devotion to science in quitting their business and crossing the sea to join the French professors and assist their judgments. The frank cordiality, the good faith, and the impartiality that they have shown in the discussion is above all praise." The English savants speak in the same eulogistic terms of their foreign *confrères*.

This allusion to the Deluge rather pointedly refers to M. Boucher de Perthes' view of the Glacial Era, which in his published work he describes as a period of snow-storms and deluges from their melting, during which the climatal conditions were so inclement that animal life was to a great extent destroyed all over the earth, and which geological epoch he regards as representing the Biblical Deluge.

Dr. Falconer's adherence to the decision of the Congress was modified by an appendix stating his opinion that the finding of the human jaw was authentic, "but that the characters it presents, taken in connection with the conditions under which it lay, are not con-

sistent with its being of any very great antiquity." What the doctor means is rather puzzling even to a geologist, but we presume it expresses nothing more or less than a kind of cautious reservation after the bold attack he made on the evidence of the single molar.

The chief difficulty in the minds of competent judges was perhaps first excited by the flint *hâches* found with the jaw. The form of flint-implement which geologists and antiquaries have been accustomed to regard as the most ancient has been a large almond-shaped flint article about six or eight inches long, chipped to a point at the pointed end, but having the broad end round and left in the natural condition of the flint entirely untouched. The flint-weapons found with the jaw, on the contrary, were chipped all over and had the broad end as much worked as the pointed. Moreover the edges of these weapons are remarkably sharp, whilst previous specimens mostly obtained from gravel-beds present edges at least slightly and often considerably worn.

Those found with the jaw were, however, not in gravel but in a vein of black earth running through the gravel, and were thus probably protected from wear. It is to this exceptional circumstance probably that we must ascribe the preservation of the human jaw itself, which if subjected to the rough usage of moving gravel would in all likelihood have been destroyed. It is not, however, in the absence of grinding by abrasive motion of the materials that the difficulty specially lies, but rather so in the difference of character exhibited by the weapons themselves, their new form being such as one would deem more advanced than that to which geologists have hitherto been accustomed, and which consideration had the higher value from the fact that the new type of weapons came from a bed lower down in the geological series than that from which the supposed older or ruder implements had been previously obtained.

The following is the section of the strata at Moulin-Quignon:—

	Thickness in metres.
1st. Vegetable earth	0.30
2nd. Grey sand and broken flints	0.70
3rd. Yellow argillaceous sand, mingled with large slightly rolled flints	1.50
4th. Ferruginous sand, smaller but more rolled flints with a bed of sand at the base	1.50

In this bed flint, implements of the recognized ruder pattern have been met with, associated with fragments of the teeth and bones of the mammoth. Below this again is the "black bed," in which the more finished kind of implements and the human jaw occurred—

5th. Black sand colouring the hand and sticking to it, apparently containing organic matter; pebbles small and more rolled than in the overlying beds (human jaw and flint implements chipped all round).....	0.50
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Reposing on CHALK ROCK	4.70
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It was in this lowest bed (No. 5) that the more highly-worked flints were found on the same level and in the same stratum as the jaw.

This difficulty, however, has been settled in the only way a practical difficulty can be settled; namely, in a practical manner:—A party of sixteen workmen were employed for ten hours under close surveillance, to cut into the undisturbed body of the gravel, and then in the subjacent "black bed," five *hâches* were found under such circumstances as to render doubt no longer possible, and what is most remarkable is that one only of the five presented that ruder workmanship to which geologists have been accustomed. Undoubtedly this singular concurrence of two forms of differently elaborated stone instruments will necessitate a further investigation of the geological relationships of the Abbeville deposits, and embue investigators with additional caution.

With respect to the jaw it received equally practical attention. It was sawn carefully through by Professor Busk, and across the fangs of one tooth. The black coating of the severed part being washed off, the general colour presented by the bone over the washed surface was of a light buff, mottled with brown stains. To test the colouring power of the earth in which the jaw had been embedded, Professor Busk immersed the ivory handle of a knife in a bath of wetted earth from the "black bed;" on the second day it was dried and displayed a metallic coating, but on washing no permanent stain was found to have been effected in the ivory. This experiment was accepted as conclusive against the doubts which had been grounded on the feeble discoloration of the fossil jaw.

One can hardly then avoid admitting the Moulin-Quignon jaw as fair and genuine evidence. It has been scrupulously examined, the bed of earth in which it was found has been expressly dug into for confirmatory evidence; the integrity of the workmen has been closely inquired into, and this by a special congress of many learned men. Truly, the rights of a fossil to be a fossil were never so closely scrutinized before.

Let no one, however, imagine this new proof of the antiquity of man changes, as yet, the position which geological investigations have hitherto distinctly shown, that the deposits in which human relics, be they bones or works of art, have been found, are at the top of the geological series; and although we may date back man's origin, he is still, according to geologists' showing, one of the latest and most recent members of the animal creation; and although no modern naturalist of eminence can do otherwise than regard all

created life as forming one system, we have in geology at present no proof of the transmutation of man from the gorilla. The Moulin-Quignon jaw no more favours such a view than the Engis skull, and whatever may be the mode by which the Creator introduces new forms of life on our planet, or by which he introduced man, there is no geological evidence yet of the nearest allied ape to the human form in any geological deposit from which the relics of these truly primitive men have been derived.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

At the *soirée* of the Pharmaceutical Society on Tuesday there was an extensive and excellent display of objects and a large attendance of visitors. A beautiful collection of aluminium articles were exhibited by Messrs. Mappin, a large ingot of thallium by Mr. Crookes, Mr. Atkinson had his 18-inch spark induction-coil; Mr. Rammell his model of the pneumatic dispatch tunnel and car; photographs were shown of M. Boucher de Perthes' fossil human jaw lately found at Abbeville. Mr. Symons exhibited his new barometer, and in his very neat thermometer's syphon we observed a small matter of much importance, and deserving of notice at our hands. A little bit of metal, not bigger than the half of a small pin, seems indeed a very trivial affair to those who are not aware of the importance in meteorological investigations of a good index for those instruments. Maximum registering thermometers are generally made with an index, which is pushed before the mercury and left at the point of greatest expansion. Steel has been commonly used for the purpose, but is liable to corrosion, and the various substitutes tried have had some imperfections. Doubtless this has been the means of bringing forward other ingenious methods of registration, two of which are well known and much in use, although they even are not altogether free from objection, either on account of expense or from the want of simplicity. At least for popular use, a cheap maximum thermometer with a perfect index has been a desideratum. Mr. Symons, who has long made this the subject of experiment, thinks he has now succeeded in forming a metallic composition for an index, which he calls "Lithite," that is free from the usual objections. It has certainly so far withstood every test that can be applied, but the verdict of time will be the true certificate of its value.

Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite showed a very handy and seemingly valuable instrument for students in astronomy—a sort of miniature equatorial, which they call a "star-finder," its use being by means of the declination and right ascension to find out any star, planet, or comet; or by obtaining through it the exact position of any celestial object, to ascertain its name by reference to a table or chart. It consists of a telescope having a sliding adjustment, and an eye-piece with cross-wires; its tube occupies the diameter of a declination-circle graduated both ways to 90°, and read off by a vernier index on the flank of the telescope. Passing through the centre of the declination-circle is an arm which occupies the diameter of the hour-circle, and admits the revolution of the tube. The declination arm, attached at right angles to a carefully-fitted polar axis, is capable of taking any position on the hour-circle. Mr. Larkin, the clever and indefatigable modeller of crystals, had a table on which were displayed a series of glass models, illustrating the six systems of crystallography, uniform with the two, three, and four-inch cubes; wire models, uniform with the six and eight-inch cubes; the six-inch size having the prisms so arranged that upon their axes the other contained forms of crystals may be placed by means of moveable halves. His novelties were a set of wire cubes, arranged by Mr. Henry Perigal, jun., containing the platonic forms, and showing the intimate relation of each to the cube; a set of models, in white wood, illustrating Pereira's *Materia Medica*; another set, illustrating Dana's *Manual of Mineralogy*, and a set of geometrical solids.

The anniversary meeting of the British Archaeological Society was held on Monday, when it was announced that the congress will be held at Leeds in the early part of October, under the presidency of R. Monckton Milnes, Esq. Ripon Cathedral, Fountains and Kirkstall Abbeys, Aldborough, Wakefield, and Pontefract will be amongst the places of interest to be visited and investigated on that occasion.

At the anniversary meeting of the Ethnological Society on Tuesday, John Lubbock, Esq., was elected president. Professors Busk and Huxley were elected on the council.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 25TH MAY, 1863.

GEOGRAPHICAL—At 1 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

LINNEAN—At 3 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

TUESDAY, 26TH MAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Deformity of the Neck from a burn; Taliacotian Operation." By Mr. John Wood. 2. "Ovariectomy Twice Performed on the Same Patient." By Mr. Spencer Wells. 3. "Induction of Premature Labour in Complicated Cases." By Dr. Robert Lee.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "The South of France—Architecture Mediæval and Present." By T. Hayter Lewis, Esq.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. "Human Remains from Brick-earth at Chatham." By Professor Busk, F.R.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."

ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. "On the Birds Collected by the late Mr. Morley in Borneo." By Dr. Sclater.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH MAY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Recent Discovery of Antiquities in Salop." By the Rev. T. Owen Rorke. 2. "On the Pedigree of Derwentwater of Castle Rigg." By Mr. Powell.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, 28TH MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 29TH MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Vedas." By Professor Max Müller.

SATURDAY, 30TH MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Electric Telegraphy." By Professor William Thomson.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adventures of a Sporting Dog. Fcap., boards, 1s.
 Alfred (King), Memorials of. By Rev. Dr. Giles. Royal 8vo., cl., 7s. 6d.
 Alison's (Sir A.) The War in Poland, 1830-31. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.
 Andrews' (Rev. S. J.) The Life of our Lord upon the Earth. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Ansted's (D. T.) Correlation of the Natural History Sciences. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.
 Austin Elliot. By Henry Kingsley. Two vols. Crown 8vo., cl., 21s.
 Bennett's (E.) My Mothers' Meetings. Fcap. sewed, 1s.
 Binns' (W. S.) Geometrical Drawing. Part II. Crown 8vo., cl., 6s.
 Bowrignon's (A.) The Light of the World. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Bullock's (T.) History of Modern Europe. Fcap., cloth, 3s.
 Cassell's French Dictionary. New edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
 — Family Paper. New series. Vol. II. 4to., cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Champneys' (Rev. W. W.) The Spirit in the Word. Third edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Church Prayers adapted for Family Use. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Cobbe's (Frances P.) Thanksgiving. Fcap., cloth, 1s.
 Croly's (Rev. Dr.) The Book of Job. Fcap., cloth, 4s.
 Cunningham's (Peter) London as it Is. New edition. 18mo., cl., 3s. 6d.
 Edinburgh University Calendar. 1863-64. Fcap., sewed, 2s.
 Freeman's (Rev. P.) Principles of Divine Service. Vol. I. Second edition. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Gambart (E.) on Piracy of Artistic Copyright. 8vo., sewed, 1s.
 Hann's (J.) Short Treatise on the Steam-engine. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Hodges' (Sir W.) Law of Railways. Third edition. 8vo., cloth, 31s. 6d.
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 — with Answers. 12mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
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 Lees' (Dr. W. N.) Tea Cultivation, Cotton, &c., in India. 8vo., cl., 8s. 6d.
 London, What to See and How to See It. 1863. 18mo., cloth, 1s.
 Lost and Saved. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. Post 8vo., cl., 31s. 6d.
 Lucy Strutt, and the First Grave. 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
 McLeod's (W.) Middle Class Atlas. 1863. 4to., sewed, 2s.
 Marsh's (J. B.) Book of Bible Prayers. Fcap., cloth, 1s.
 Merchant Prince (The) and his Heir. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.
 Miller's (W. H.) Tract on Crystallography. 8vo., cloth, 5s.
 Molesworth's (G. L.) Pocket-book of Formulae for Engineers. Second edition. Double gilt roan, 4s. 6d.
 Moore's (Rev. D.) The Divine Authority of the Pentateuch Vindicated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.
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